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CATHOLIC CLAIMS.*

It is morally impossible that the Catholics of this empire can remain much longer before the legislature in the unprofitable attitude of suppliants. The advocates of exclusion—whether influenced by prejudice or interest—are daily losing ground; they have found all their positions untenable, and have recently been driven to the miserable subterfuges of misrepresentation and quibbles; but these resources of weakness and injustice cannot avail them. Truth and reason are progressing; and common sense has taught the bulk of Protestants that it is neither their interest nor their duty to gratify intemperate individuals, by raising the cry of No Popery. Most assuredly we do not mean to conceal from ourselves or our readers, that many well-intentioned and upright Protestants are opposed to the concession of the Catholic claims; but we do assert that the number of these is daily decreasing—that prejudice is every where giving way to liberality—and that the people of England, who are to decide the question, are too honest and too rational to resist truth when convincingly brought home to them.

Nearly the whole intellect of the country is arrayed against intolerance and exclusion; and to the activity of the Catholic body in Ireland are added the silent, but not less efficient, efforts of the press. In the publications before us—the titles of which are appended—the reader cannot fail to recognise with pleasure the names of Doyle and Smith, Christian teachers who combine within themselves

every thing to make us venerate those forms of religion to which they are respectively attached, and to which they have brought virtues and talents probably not found in an equal degree in any other two ecclesiastics in either the Protestant or Catholic community. The name of the Rev. Sydney Smith must be already familiar to the public; the pages of the '*Edinburgh Review*' bear testimony to his acquirements as a scholar and his liberality as a Christian minister; while his efforts in his own immediate neighbourhood have uniformly been directed to the subversion of bigotry and intolerance. Not long since he forcibly addressed his Protestant fellow-clergymen on the folly of their opposition to the Catholic claims; and the pamphlet before us is written for the instruction of the electors of Yorkshire. The reader will be able to form his own judgment of its merits before he concludes the perusal of this article.

But the most important work which has ever appeared on the Catholic claims is that from the pen of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle. On a former occasion we fully expressed our opinion of the letters attributed to this learned prelate; but, whatever were their merits—and they were not a few—they certainly lose by comparison with the essay before us. Considered as a literary production, it places the author among the first writers of this or any other time; and, as an exposition of Catholic principles—so far as these principles have any connexion with Catholic doctrines—it is in-

* An Essay on the Catholic Claims, addressed 'to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, K. G. &c. &c. &c. By the Rt. Rev. James Doyle, &c. &c. &c. to which is added, the Pastoral Address and Declaration of the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland. Dublin: Coyne. 1826.'

'A Letter to the Electors upon the Catholic Question. By the Rev. Sydney Smith. York: Wilson and Sons. 1826.'

'A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, on the Catholic Question. By R. Wilmot Horton, Esq. M.P. for Newcastle-under-Line. London: Murray, 1826.'

'A Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning, on the present State of the Catholic Question; to which are annexed Six Letters of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, interesting Reminiscences of that distinguished character and his Son, &c. London: Ridgway. 1826.'

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valuable, and at this moment most important and most useful. It is addressed to Lord Liverpool.

The next work under consideration is the production of Mr. Wilmot Horton, member for Newcastle-under-Line. This gentleman has already signified his zeal in support of emancipation; and his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk'—the Catholic and premier peer of England—evinces his anxiety to promote that measure, if it does nothing else; and we confess that good intentions are the most conspicuous feature in his pamphlet. Some time since he addressed his constituents on the election of their mayor, and then made a promise to furnish them with the means of judging for themselves on the merits of the Catholic question. To our great surprise, however, Mr. Horton does not know exactly how to redeem his pledge.

'After a very attentive examination,' says he, 'or, I would rather say, revision, of the history of the Catholic question up to the present moment, I am confirmed in the opinion which I have long entertained, that a measure has been omitted, which, if practicable, would materially tend to the satisfactory settlement of this question, and that this measure can only proceed from the Roman Catholic body. The measure to which I advert is, *a distinct explanatory statement of the doctrines and opinions of the Roman Catholics of the present day, so far as such doctrines and opinions can be considered, by the most jealous Protestant, as calculated to affect the exercise of their civil duties as subjects.*'—P. 8.

And again he says, 'I would here observe, that the explanatory statement which I presume to recommend, would rather be a combination and concentration into one focus, of opinions which *have been given*, and which are to be discovered if due search be made, than a detail of new opinions;—and I must be permitted to express my conviction, that such an explanatory statement is not only necessary, but *strictly due*, to the people of England. It is due to them that the orthodox doctrines of the Catholics of the present day should be presented for their examination. If, for the sake of argument, it be admitted that there are discordant opi-

nions to be found in the writings of Roman Catholic divines, with respect to the interpretation of the doctrines of their religion, and that these divines have been considered *of equal authority*, why are not the Roman Catholics of the present day to be permitted to state which of those opinions they hold, and which of them they are prepared to repudiate, if, in point of fact, the objectionable opinions have not long since been repudiated.'—P. 19, 20.

He does not want this practical explanation to satisfy his own mind respecting either the justice or policy of his vote, but for the purpose of disabusing the people of England respecting their prejudices on the question of emancipation.

'If the present opinions,' says Mr. Horton, 'of the rational and intelligent part of the Roman Catholic body be such as, from much examination of written record, and much conversation with individuals of that faith, I believe them to be,—and if a clear, practical, and satisfactory statement of the doctrines and opinions which they entertain be made,—I cannot, and will not, believe that many Protestants, who are now to be found in the ranks of the opposers to the concession of the Roman Catholic claims, as they are called, will hesitate to give their consent to remove disabilities, when they shall be satisfied that the dangers, for the prevention of which those disabilities were imposed, have ceased to exist beyond the contingency of revival. And if such an explanatory statement could be made, and if it were as satisfactory and conclusive as I anticipate it would be, I leave your Grace to appreciate the authority which it would give to me and to other members of Parliament similarly circumstanced, in our communications with our constituents upon the subject.'—P. 14, 15.

And he justly observes, that it is to the people without, and not the representatives within Parliament, that a final and conclusive appeal must be made. Were this done, he anticipates little or no opposition; and concludes by declaring his conviction that the House of Lords could not, under such circumstances, persist for a single session in setting at defiance the decision of the Commons.

We have thus stated the substance of Mr. Horton's pamphlet; and, though many may think his request might have been made in a more rational manner, there can be but one opinion among Catholics respecting the propriety, if not the necessity, of complying as far as practicable with his advice. Most fortunately he has called for a particular document when it has been voluntarily published by the persons who alone could produce it; and lest the 'Declaration of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland,' affixed to Dr. Doyle's essay, might not be deemed sufficiently explanatory, we shall abridge, from the works before us, such details, arguments, and facts, as must satisfy every rational man, that there is no reason under Heaven why emancipation should be withheld from the Catholics of this empire.

It is objected to the Catholics, first, that their religion is objectionable; secondly, that they are intolerant; thirdly, that they admit the temporal power of the Pope; fourthly, that their allegiance is divided; fifthly, that they are not to be believed on their oaths; sixthly, that, if emancipated, they would destroy the Protestant Church in Ireland; seventhly, that, if emancipated, they would disturb the settlement of property in Ireland; eighthly, that the invading spirit of the Church of Rome is incompatible with Protestant safety; and, ninthly, that Catholic members, if admitted, would possess too much influence in the House of Commons. We shall consider these things under their respective heads.

I. *The Catholic Church.*—However humiliating it may be to the Catholics to be called upon to declare that their religion—a religion almost two thousand years old, and at present the religion professed by the vast majority of the civilized world—is not opposed to civil government, it is really disgraceful to Protestants to call upon them for so unnecessary an avowal; for, had Catholicism been incompatible with the obligations of subjects, it must have ceased to exist

long since in Europe. Common sense, even were there no philosophy, might have come to this conclusion.

'I beg to remind you,' says the Rev. Sydney Smith, 'that in talking of the Catholic religion, you must talk of the Catholic religion as it is carried on in Ireland; you have nothing to do with Spain, or France, or Italy: the religion you are to examine is the Irish Catholic religion. You are not to consider what it was, but what it is; not what individuals profess, but what is generally professed; not what individuals do, but what is generally practised. I constantly see, in advertisements from county meetings, all these species of monstrous injustice played off against the Catholics. The inquisition exists in Spain and Portugal, therefore I confound place, and vote against the Catholics of Ireland, where it never did exist, nor was purposed to be instituted.* There have been many cruel persecutions of Protestants by Catholic governments; and, therefore, I will confound time and place, and vote against the Irish, who live centuries after these persecutions, and in a totally different country. Doctor this, or Doctor that, of the Catholic Church, has written a very violent and absurd pamphlet; therefore I will confound persons, and vote against the whole Irish Catholic Church, which has neither sanctioned nor expressed any such opinions. I will continue the incapacities of men of this age, because some men, in distant ages, deserved ill of other men in distant ages. They shall expiate the crimes committed, before they were born, in a land they never saw; by individuals they never heard of. I will charge them with every act of folly which they have never sanctioned and cannot control. I will sacrifice space, time, and identity, to my zeal for the Protestant Church. Now in the midst of all this violence, consider for a moment, how you are imposed upon by words, and what a serious violation of the rights of your fellow-creatures you are committing. Mr. Murphy lives in Limerick, and Mr. Mur-

* While Mary was burning Protestants in England, not a single Protestant was executed in Ireland; and yet the terrors of that reign are, at this moment, one of the most operative causes of the exclusion of Irish Catholics.

phy and his son are subjected to a thousand inconveniences and disadvantages, because they are Catholics. Murphy is a wealthy, honourable, excellent man; he ought to be in the corporation, he cannot get in because he is a Catholic. His son ought to be king's counsel for his talents, and his standing at the bar; he is prevented from reaching this dignity, because he is a Catholic. Why, what reasons do you hear for all this? because Queen Mary, three hundred years before the natal day of Mr. Murphy, murdered Protestants in Smithfield; because Louis XIV. dragooned his Protestant subjects, when the predecessor of Murphy's predecessor was not in being; because men are confined in prison, in Madrid, twelve degrees more south than Murphy has ever been in his life, all ages, all climates, are ransacked to perpetuate the slavery of Murphy, the ill-fated victim of political anachronisms.

'Suppose a barrister, in defending a prisoner, were to say to the judge, "My lord, I humbly submit to your lordship that this indictment against the prisoner cannot stand good in law; and as the safety of a fellow-creature is concerned, I request your lordship's patient attention to my objections. In the first place, the indictment does not pretend that the prisoner at the bar is himself guilty of the offence, but that some persons of the same religious sect as himself are so; in whose crime he cannot, (I submit,) by any possibility, be implicated, as these criminal persons lived three hundred years before the prisoner was born. In the next place, my lord, the *venue* of several crimes imputed to the prisoner is laid in countries, to which the jurisdiction of this court does not extend; in France, Spain, and Italy, where also the prisoner has never been; and as to the argument used by my learned brother, that it is only want of power, and not of will, and that the prisoner *would* commit the crime if he *could*; I humbly submit, that the custom of England has been to wait for the overt act before pain and penalty are inflicted, and that your lordship would pass a most doleful assize, if punishment depended upon evil volition; if men were subjected

to legal incapacities from the mere suspicion that they *would* do harm if they *could*; and if it were admitted to be sufficient proof of this suspicion, that men of this faith in distant ages, different countries, and under different circumstances, had planned evil, and, when occasion offered, done it."

'When are mercy and justice, in fact, ever to return upon the earth, if the sins of the elders are to be for ever visited on these who are not even their children? Should the first act of liberated Greece be to recommence the Trojan war? Are the French never to forget the Sicilian vespers; or the Americans the long war waged against their liberties? Is any rule wise, which may set the Irish to recollect what they have suffered?'—P. 8—11.

'Now for a very few of the shameful misrepresentations circulated respecting the Irish Catholics, for I repeat again that we have nothing to do with Spanish or Italian, but with Irish Catholics: it is not true that the Irish Catholics refuse to circulate the Bible in English; on the contrary, they have in Ireland circulated several editions of the Scriptures in English. In the last year, the Catholic prelates prepared and put forth a stereotype edition of the Bible, of a small print and low price, to ensure its general circulation. They circulate the Bible with their own notes, and how, as Catholics, can they act otherwise? Are not our prelates and Bartlett's Buildings acting in the same manner? and must not all Churches, if they are consistent, act in the same manner? The Bibles Catholics quarrel with, are Protestant Bibles without notes, or Protestant Bibles with Protestant notes, and how can they do otherwise, without giving up their religion? They deny, upon oath, that the infallibility of the Pope is any necessary part of the Catholic faith. They, upon oath, declare that Catholic people are forbidden to worship images, and saints, and relics. They, upon oath, abjure the temporal power of the Pope, or his right to absolve any Catholic from his oath. They renounce, upon oath, all right to forfeited lands, and covenant, upon oath, not to destroy or plot against the Irish Protestant Church.

What more can any man want, whom any thing will content?"—P. 14.

The latter part of his statement is confirmed by the Catholic bishops.

II, *Intolerance*.—This, among the vulgar, is considered synonymous with exclusive salvation. Hear Dr. Doyle on this subject—"The exclusiveness of our doctrine! Where has this produced disturbance and confusion under just and equal laws? Is it in Hungary, is it throughout Germany, is it in Switzerland, is it in France, is it in Canada, is it in Maryland, is it in the dominions of the Kings of Prussia or of Hanover, or in any of those States where civil and religious liberty are happily established? No, my lord, it is a dominant creed, no matter of what sect or church, when conflicting with a people, which produces disorder, penalties, and crime; only take away restrictions from religious belief,—let no man suffer on account of his faith, and you extinguish in those who are exalted, pride with a spirit of domination, and you take from the more humble the zeal of suffering for justice sake; you also remove from prejudice and passion the very food on which they live, and convert numberless hypocrites into sincere Christians. Exclusiveness of our doctrine! My lord, this charge, as against us, is really absurd; our doctrine is not a whit more exclusive than that of the Established Church, and not half so much so as that of numberless sects of dissenters. I am far from saying that there is not a vast deal of uncharitableness common to us all; but they are the laws which make the Catholic an idolater, and the high Churchman alone orthodox; thus depriving both classes of mutual charity, and sending them, I fear, in great numbers—rulers and people—to join those in the other world, "who believe and tremble," but believe in vain.

"I have, my lord, upon various occasions, especially in an Address published by me in November, 1822, to the Ribbonmen who then infested this country (which Address is inserted at length in the last volume of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the Commons, p. 665), explained the doctrine of fraternal charity, and ex-

clusive salvation, as taught in our Church. That Address has, on this subject, the following passage:—"It is not every one who differs from you in religion who should be branded with the odious name of *heretic*. Errors in religion do not constitute heresy, but a wilful and obstinate adherence to them. Hence St. Augustine says, '*I may err, but I will not be a heretic.*'" He also writes in his 162nd epistle, "*that those who earnestly seek the truth, and are ready, on finding it, to stand corrected, are by no means to be reckoned amongst heretics.*" The entire passage, to which I beg to refer your lordship, concludes thus:—"Take heed of the words of the Apostle, '*Who art thou that judgest a foreign servant? He stands or falls to his master; but he will stand, for God is powerful enough to raise him up.*'"—This is the doctrine taught by me, and I have never been able to discover in it any thing peculiarly exclusive. We have more than thirty-nine canons, it is true, in the Council of Trent; but if it be only a question of less or more between Catholics and Protestants as to the extent of their respective creeds, that does not seem at all to affect our opinion of those who, seeking conscientiously for truth, and prepared to admit it when proposed to them, yet differ from us, as they do from each other. Such persons we deem to be in error, as they in their turn consider us to be; and in place of adopting the moderate counsel of the poet, *veniam damus petimusque vicissim*, we use, perhaps, too often the names of heretic and schismatic;—names which, with the addition of idolater, the Established Church vehemently retorts upon us. But laying aside those insulting designations, it is quite clear that we do not judge any one, nor interpose between the righteous judgment of a merciful God and those whom, by baptism, he has cleansed from sin,—whom he has inserted in his covenant, and called to be the co-heirs of his Son. They may stand or fall, but we hope and pray that they will stand; because though they should have fallen into error or vice, still God is powerful to raise them up. If the laws only permitted those noble principles of

Christianity to come into full operation,—if they did not create and cherish exclusive and excluded sects and heresies amongst us, we would live as brethren in the same house; and if we did not worship at the same altar, we would at least, with the Apostle, “pray for each other that we might be saved.”

‘I could here expose to ridicule the strange infatuation which would lead a man to shut up in a parenthesis the doctrines of the Athanasian Creed; to take from the Church of England the very essence of her religious profession; to reconcile things which by their nature are incompatible; and all this for the purpose of showing a difference of doctrine on a subject where it is obvious no difference exists. There are, alas! many differences prevailing; and those who love disunion, and sow dissensions amongst brethren, have no need of introducing new causes of dissent. But I shall abstain from this exposure, to which my hand was already laid, and leave in forgetfulness an essay which, whilst I perused, excited within me alternately feelings of pity and of pain.’—P. 202—207.

To this Dr. Doyle affixes a long note, proving very satisfactorily that the exclusiveness of the Church of England is the most prominent feature of her doctrine and discipline; and that if she appear tolerant, it is because she does not act up to her profession. ‘In this,’ he says, ‘she is wise; but that wisdom should teach her to make the same allowances for other Churches which she claims for herself.’

‘Because,’ says the Rev. S. Smith, ‘the Catholics are intolerant, we will be intolerant; but did any body ever hear before that a government is to imitate the vices of its subjects? If the Irish were a rash, violent, and intemperate race, are they to be treated with rashness, violence, and intemperance? If they were addicted to fraud and falsehood, are they to be treated by those who rule them with fraud and falsehood? Are there to be perpetual races in error and vice between the people and the lords of the people? Is the supreme power always to find virtues among the people; never to teach them by ex-

ample, or improve them by laws and institutions? Make all sects free, and let them learn the value of the blessing to others, by their own enjoyment of it; but if not, let them learn it by your vigilance and firm resistance to every thing intolerant. Toleration will then become a habit and a practice, ingrafted upon the manners of a people, when they find the law too strong for them, and that there is no use in being intolerant.’—P. 24, 25.

Catholics, as individuals, claim no exemption from the frailties of our common nature; and if persecutors have been found among the professors of their creed, how can they help it? All they can do is to disclaim that such things are sanctioned by the doctrines of their religion. ‘There are, however,’ says Mr. Smith, ‘grievous faults on both sides; and as there are a set of men, who, not content with retaliating upon Protestants, deny the persecuting spirit of the Catholics, I would ask them what they think of the following code, drawn up by the French Catholics against the French Protestants, and carried into execution for one hundred years, and as late as the year 1765, and not repealed till 1782?’

“Any Protestant clergyman remaining in France three days, without coming to the Catholic worship, to be punished with death. If a Protestant sends his son to a Protestant schoolmaster for education, he is to forfeit two hundred and fifty livres a month; and the schoolmaster who receives him, fifty livres. If they sent their children to any seminary abroad, they were to forfeit two thousand livres, and the child so sent became incapable of possessing property in France. To celebrate Protestant worship, exposed the clergyman to a fine of two thousand eight hundred livres. The fine to a Protestant for hearing it, was one thousand three hundred livres. If any Protestant denied the authority of the Pope in France, his goods were seized for the first offence, and he was hanged for the second. If any common prayer-book, or book of Protestant worship, be found in the possession of any Protestant, he shall forfeit twenty livres for the first

offence, forty livres for the second, and shall be imprisoned at pleasure for the third. Any person bringing from beyond sea, or selling any Protestant books of worship, to forfeit one hundred livres. Any magistrates may search Protestant houses for such articles. Any person, required by a magistrate to take an oath against the Protestant religion, and refusing, to be committed to prison, and, if he afterwards refuse again, to suffer forfeiture of goods. Any person sending any money over sea to the support of a Protestant seminary, to forfeit his goods, and be imprisoned at the king's pleasure. Any person going over sea for Protestant education, to forfeit goods, and lands for life. The vessel to be forfeited which conveyed any Protestant woman or child over sea without the king's licence. Any person converting another to the Protestant religion, to be put to death. Death to any Protestant priest to come into France; death to the person who receives him; forfeiture of goods, and imprisonment, to send money for the relief of any Protestant clergyman; large rewards for discovering a Protestant parson. Every Protestant shall cause his child, within one month after birth, to be baptized by a Catholic priest, under a penalty of two thousand livres. Protestants were fined four thousand livres a month for being absent from Catholic worship, were disabled from holding offices and employments, from keeping arms in their houses, from maintaining suits at law, from being guardians, from practising in law or physic, and from holding offices, civil or military. They were forbidden (bravo, Louis XIV.!) to travel more than five miles from home without licence, under pain of forfeiting all their goods, and they might not come to court under pain of two thousand livres. A married Protestant woman, when convicted of being of that persuasion, was liable to forfeit two-thirds of her jointure: she could not be executrix to her husband, nor have any part of his goods; and during her marriage, she might be kept in prison, unless her husband redeemed her at the rate of two hundred livres a month, or the third part

of his lands. Protestants, convicted of being such, were, within three months after their conviction, either to submit, and renounce their religion, or, if required by four magistrates, to abjure the realm; and if they did not depart, or departing returned, were to suffer death. All Protestants were required, under the most tremendous penalties, to swear that they considered the Pope as the head of the church. If they refused to take this oath, which might be tendered at pleasure by any two magistrates, they could not act as advocates, procureurs, or notaries public. Any Protestant taking any office, civil or military, was compelled to abjure the Protestant religion; to declare his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to take the Roman Catholic sacrament within six months, under the penalty of ten thousand livres. Any person professing the Protestant religion, and educated in the same, was required, in six months after the age of sixteen, to declare the Pope to be the head of the Church; to declare his belief in transubstantiation, and that the invocation of saints was according to the doctrine of the Christian religion; failing this, he could not hold, possess, or inherit landed property; his lands were given to the nearest Catholic relation. Many taxes were doubled upon Protestants. Protestants keeping schools were imprisoned for life, and all Protestants were forbidden to come within ten miles of Paris or Versailles. If any Protestant had a horse worth more than one hundred livres, any Catholic magistrate might take it away, and search the house of the said Protestant for arms." Is not this a monstrous code of persecution? Is it any wonder, after reading such a spirit of tyranny as is here exhibited, that the tendencies of the Catholic religion should be suspected, and that the cry of "No Popery!" should be a rallying sign to every Protestant nation in Europe?—Forgive, gentle reader, and gentle elector, the trifling deception I have practised upon you. This code is not a code made by French Catholics against French Protestants, but by English and Irish Protestants against English and Irish Catholics; I have given it to you, for

the most part, as it is set forth in Burn's "Justice" of 1780: it was acted upon in the beginning of the last king's reign, and was notorious through the whole of Europe, as the most cruel and atrocious system of persecution ever instituted by one religious persuasion against another.'—P. 38—41. When you see a mote in your neighbour's eye, extract the beam from your own.

III. *The Papal Power.*—Dr. Doyle has given a very interesting and faithful account of the rise and progress of the Papal power in Europe. It commenced under Charlemagne in the ninth, and in the eleventh century Pope Gregory VII., a pontiff more weak than wicked, broached the doctrine of the deposing power, which inflicted a deep wound upon the peace of society; 'and established,' says Dr. Doyle, 'a precedent which has been productive of more evil than perhaps any which history records.'

'From the time of William the Conqueror the popes had kept an anxious eye on England, but until the reign of John, their claims to it as a fief were not distinctly recognised. That unhappy monarch, on the 13th of May, 1213, in the presence of the Legate Pandolph, and of the bishops and barons of the kingdom, took the oath of a vassal to the Pope, swearing amongst other things, "to preserve and defend against all men the patrimony of St. Peter, and especially the two kingdoms of England and Ireland." Ireland, indeed, as she seems to have been always foremost in the race of misfortune, had long before paid homage to the papal throne. Muratori *Rer. Ital.* (tom. 5. p. 366,) observes: "It became a general custom in the eleventh century for princes to lay their crowns and kingdoms at the feet of the popes, and receive them back as fiefs of the holy see." Ireland could not resign her place in this public exhibition of European folly. Accordingly, when Gregory, whom we have so often named, addressed her in her turn, writing to Fortleach O'Brien, the monarch, and to all the Irish nobility and clergy, inviting them to share in the pious drama, claiming at the same time Ireland as belonging to him of

divine right; the nobility, as Keating observes, (*Hist. of Ir. an.* 1092,) after some years of deliberation, being hostile to the reigning prince, (no uncommon occurrence amongst our ancestors,) thought the time had arrived when it would be proper to attend to the papal admonition: hence they unanimously agreed to make a present of the entire kingdom to Urban II. Donald, the son of Brian Boroihme, who had gone to Rome in 1047, and became a monk in the monastery of St. Stephen, where he died in 1064, had, I believe, already made a similar donation, for the ease, no doubt, and comfort of his conscience.

'Thus it was, my lord, that in bad times, in times of turbulence and barbarism, the claims of the popes to the sovereignty of almost every kingdom in Europe grew up in silence, and were admitted and sanctioned by nearly all the ruling powers. It must be quite obvious that those claims had not their origin in the Gospel, nor in the doctrine of the Catholic Church, but in the state of society, in the mistaken zeal, or in the ambition of some popes; a zeal or an ambition excited and directed by an insatiable avarice, pride, and thirst of power, in their followers and dependants. These papal claims, whilst Europe was immersed in barbarism, produced to society numberless benefits, as well as, at a later period, countless evils; but the light of knowledge had no sooner gleamed upon the western hemisphere than the deformity of this system was discovered, and accordingly as that light increased, and as society proceeded to adopt new institutions and new forms, the spell of the temporal dominion of the popes became less binding, until, at length, it was entirely dissolved. The power, and passions, and interests which it had created, struggled to defend it. The sentence of deposition passed against the sovereigns of this country were some of its last efforts, but they too have ended, and we, who spilt our blood and lavished our treasures in assisting to defeat them, are still charged with being the abettors and retainers of what we thus opposed! They were the Catholics, my lord,

and not the Protestants of Europe, who broke down the assumed power of the popes; they were Catholics who employed their pens in exposing its origin and deformity, and who drew their swords and smote it to the earth.—P. 75—79.

The Catholic church at no period held or taught that the pope possessed a power to interfere either directly or indirectly with the rights of kings or states; and Dr. Doyle has adduced the writings and conduct of several eminent popes in support of this fact. 'If then,' says he, 'the practice and opinions of popes be objected to us; if it be insisted that we follow their opinions as so many oracles, and look upon their conduct as furnishing precedents from which it is not permitted us to depart, may we not, at least, be permitted to choose amongst them those whom we are to follow; to select that portion of their practice and doctrine which appears to us most conformable to justice and truth? When we are taunted with the proceedings of a Gregory, a Boniface, or a Paul, may we not be allowed to contrast them with those of other Gregoryses, of a Gelasius, a Felix, or a John? When Bellarmine, or Turrecremata, are objected to us, why not allow us to prefer to them Ambrose, Chrysostom, or Bossuet? If we be told that our Church is responsible for the errors or vices of some popes, why not give us credit for the wisdom and virtue of others whom we still more revere?

'If we declare, in all the forms which language can assume, that the Church has not defined any thing upon the subject about which I treat—if in opposition to the doctrine imputed to her, we adduce the concurrent testimony of the Lord himself; of his apostles, of the holy fathers—if we even show that the conduct and doctrine of the most eminent of the popes themselves are opposed to it, with what colour of justice can it still be imputed to us? If we do not stop here; if we point out the source from which this hateful doctrine has originally flowed; if we show its origin, its progress, its decline and fall, is it not, my lord, uncandid, ungenerous, and unjust, to overlook our state-

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ments, to reject our proofs, to condemn us for that conduct in others which we ourselves abhor? If the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, in which Boniface declares, that every creature is subject to the Roman pope, without at all specifying whether it be in spiritual or temporal matters—if this Bull be objected to us, it is not reasonable to attend to us, whilst we say, that no Bull of any pope can decide our judgment, if it be not received and assented to by the pastors of the Church; an assent which this Bull *Unam Sanctam* never has received? Should we not be allowed to add, that so far from being received by the Church, it was violently opposed, and by an opposition so successful, that it was recalled by Clement the Fifth, between whom and the author of that Bull, only one pope, Benedict the Eleventh, intervened? — (See *Extrayag. MERUIT.*) If the one which was rejected by the world be of such mighty moment, is not the other, which was admitted by all, entitled to some respect? There is no justice, my lord, in thus condemning us; such conduct on the part of our opponents creates in our bosoms a sense of wrong being done to us—it exhausts our patience, it provokes our indignation, and prevents us from reiterating our efforts to obtain a more impartial hearing. We are tempted, in such cases as these, to attribute unfair motives to those who differ from us, as we cannot conceive how men, gifted with intelligence, can fail to discover truths so plainly demonstrated, as that our faith or our allegiance is not regulated by any such doctrines as those imputed to us; that our duties to the government of our country are not influenced nor affected by any Bulls or practices of popes; that these duties are to be learned by us, as by every other class of his Majesty's subjects, from the Gospel, from the reason given to us by God, from that love of country which nature has implanted in our hearts, and from those constitutional maxims which are as well understood, and as highly appreciated by Catholics of the present day, as by their ancestors who founded them with Alfred, or secured them at Runymede.

'I have just noticed the only Bull of a pope ever issued, in which, as far as I have been able to ascertain, any attempt was made to couple the temporal pretensions of the popes with their spiritual supremacy. This Bull was of a most odious kind, and should therefore, according to a maxim admitted by all jurists, "*odiosa sunt restringenda*," be restricted as much as possible in its sense. If this be allowed, and no person versed in law will dispute it, the clause of this Bull, which has excited so much scandal, might be admitted by every Catholic, without at all affecting his allegiance. When rightly understood, it has no reference whatever to any other obedience, as due to the pope, than that obedience in spiritual matters which we all profess to owe to him. But we deny, my lord, most explicitly, that any doctrine is there proposed to the belief of the faithful. In place of assenting to the doctrine supposed to be taught by Boniface, we protest against it; we show that the only kingdom which was affected by his Bull, opposed it like one man; and that the successor of this pope, either through necessity, or of his own free will, withdrew it, cancelling all its effects.

'If the popes, in their Bulls, speak of the dignity of their see, of the privileges of their office, of the power and sanctity of the apostles, from the chief of whom they inherit their authority, these recitals or dissertations concern the faithful, as if they were dissertations on some abstract science. When these popes quarrelled with kings and emperors, when they disposed of crowns and states, they may have acted either wisely or otherwise, but we, as Catholics, have no concern in their deeds. The origin of their interference with temporal concerns, the ground on which it rested, is so well ascertained, that a simple reference to it, is perhaps more than the present discussion requires. I should not obtrude so well-known a subject on your lordship's attention, but in order to show afterwards the justice and propriety of that opposition which Catholics have always given to this assumption of temporal power by the popes whenever the exercise of it clashed with their inclination, inter-

ests, or sense of duty.'—Pages 35—41.

And elsewhere he says, 'There is, my lord, no trace that we can discover in the words or conduct of our lord, or in the commission given by him to St. Peter or to the apostles, which would warrant us in attributing to the pope any authority whatever to interfere with our duties to the State; nay, we find the contrary clearly and solidly established. But it may be said, that we have no right to exercise our judgment as to the meaning of those texts of Scripture which I have quoted, and that we are obliged to reject them altogether, if it should please the pope to disapprove of the meaning which we attribute to them, or to assign some meaning entirely different from that which they express. This, my lord, is a gross and unwarrantable misstatement of our doctrine, practice, and duty. The pope has no arbitrary power over us, still less has he the right to pervert the meaning of the word of God, or compel any person to go along with him in error. Did he abuse his power, or swerve from those rules which are established in the Church alike for him and us, our duty would be not to imitate his fault, or participate in his error, but to correct or amend him, as our fathers have done his predecessors. The right which we possess of judging as to the meaning of the holy Scriptures is limited, but not annulled.—We who are bishops are authorized by the very words of the commission given to us at our consecration, to judge, but according to the canons; to teach and to interpret the sacred Scriptures, but not contrary to the unanimous sense of the holy Fathers; nay this latter is the only restriction imposed by the council of Trent, and by the creed (so called) of Pope Pius, upon all those who read the word of God.

'Whatever is expressly defined, declared, and proposed, to all the faithful, with and by the consent of the pope, and bishops throughout the Church, whether assembled in council or otherwise, this to us is a decree or definition which we cannot reject or impugn; nor can we interpret the Scriptures in a way which would clash with such definition, more than

we could assign to them a meaning contrary to that in which they have been understood unanimously by those great lights of antiquity, who lived near the times of the apostles; men who seem to have imbibed the spirit of those apostles themselves, in the elucidation of divine truth, and the practice of the most heroic virtue; but, except the salutary restraint thus imposed on our wayward judgment, we know of no other.'—P. 16—18.

We shall only add a short extract from the Rev. Mr. Smith's pamphlet. 'In talking of the spirit of the Papal empire, it is often argued that the *will* remains the same; that the Pontiff *would*, if he *could*, exercise the same influence in Europe; that the Catholic church *would*, if it *could*, tyrannize over the rights and opinions of mankind: but if the power is taken away, what signifies the will? If the Pope thunders in vain against the kingdoms of the earth, of what consequence is his disposition to thunder? If mankind are too enlightened and too humane to submit to the cruelties and hatreds of a Catholic priesthood: if the Protestants of the empire are sufficiently strong to resist it, why are we to alarm ourselves with the barren volition, unseconded by the requisite power? I hardly know in what order or description of men I should choose to confide, if they *could* do as they *would*; the best security is, that the rest of the world will not let them do as they wish to do; and having satisfied myself at this, I am not very careful about the rest.'—P. 20.

IV. *Civil Allegiance*.—'It is very true,' says the Rev. Sydney Smith, 'that the Catholics have a double allegiance,* but it is equally true that their second or spiritual allegiance has nothing to do with civil policy, and does not, in the most distant manner, interfere with their allegiance to the crown. What is meant by allegiance to the crown, is I presume, obedience to acts of parliament, and a resistance to those who are constitutionally proclaimed

to be the enemies of the country. I have seen and heard of no instance for this century and a half last past, where the spiritual sovereign has presumed to meddle with the affairs of the temporal sovereign. The Catholics deny him such power by the most solemn oaths which the wit of man can devise. In every war, the army and navy are full of Catholic officers and soldiers; and if their allegiance in temporal matters is unimpeachable and unimpeached, what matters to whom they choose to pay spiritual obedience, and to adopt as their guide in genuflexion and psalmody? Suppose these same Catholics were foolish enough to be governed by a set of Chinese moralists in their diet, this would be a third allegiance; and if they were regulated by Bramins in their dress, this would be a fourth allegiance; and if they received the directions of the Patriarch of the Greek Church, in educating their children, here is another allegiance: and as long as they fought, and paid taxes, and kept clear of the quarter sessions and assizes, what matters how many fanciful supremacies and frivolous allegiances they choose to manufacture or accumulate for themselves?'—P. 25.

This, we imagine, ought to satisfy even Lord Liverpool himself;† but we shall adduce a higher authority. 'There is another ground,' says Dr. Doyle, 'upon which this charge (divided allegiance) is sustained, and it is this:—that as we obey the pope in spiritual matters, we cannot pay to the government the duty which, as subjects, we owe to it. We, Catholics, think otherwise. Let our reasons for thinking so be dispassionately considered. It is, in the first place, quite clear that to pay obedience to some person who is not the sovereign, does not *of itself* imply any division of allegiance, for we are all obliged to obey Almighty God, to obey his law, to obey the dictates of our own conscience, to obey our parents, to obey our civil, military, or ecclesiastical superiors; this truth is

* 'The same double allegiance exists in every Catholic country in Europe. The spiritual head of the country among French, Spanish, and Austrian Catholics, is the Pope; the political head, the king or emperor.'

† His lordship recently declared in his place in the House of Lords that he believed Catholics conscientiously took the oath of allegiance. It was a mere splitting of hairs to talk, after this, about their spiritual allegiance.

not disputed. We may therefore assume that it is consistent with our allegiance, or the duty we owe the government, to pay obedience to whomsoever it may be lawfully due. The difficulty then arises on the part of the persons to whom the obedience is paid, or from the extent or qualities of it; but not from the nature of the obedience itself. We are all bound to obey Christ as our Redeemer and Mediator, as the head over all the Church. This obedience does not interfere with our allegiance. Well then: we, who esteem the pope as his vicar on earth, appointed to execute his laws, are, on that account, bound to obey him, according to the terms of the commission given to him by Christ. We have this commission before us—it is as well known to us as to the pope—we know that his power was given not to destroy, but to build up; and hence, should he exceed its limits, or abuse it, we are not only permitted, but obliged, to resist him, as well for our own safety as for his correction. Thus our obedience to him is not blind, but reasonable, such as St. Paul desires it should be; and unless the obedience due by us to Christ, as head of the Church, can divide the allegiance which we owe to our sovereign, that which we owe to the pope cannot divide it. The circumstance of the pope being or not being a subject of his majesty, does not affect this principle in the slightest degree; for whether he resided at Whitehall, or on the Vatican Hill, his power and authority would be confined to the same objects, and bounded by the same limits. The paying obedience then to the pope as to a person commissioned to administer the laws of Christ, if considered in itself, and unconnected with abuse of any kind, has nothing in it which divides our allegiance, unless, as has been already observed, our obedience to Christ himself should be supposed to divide it—a supposition not to be admitted by a Christian.

The question then resolves itself into this—Whether the obedience due by Catholics to the pope be so defined at present, and so well understood by us, that it cannot interfere with the duties which, as subjects, we owe to the government? If in its opera-

tion it be connected with uncontrollable abuse; if the power of the pope, as recognised by us, acting upon our minds, can induce us to withhold from the government any duty which is required of us by law; if it can excite or induce us to do, or to refrain from doing, any act which the law requires of us, as good subjects, to perform—then do I freely admit that the charge of divided allegiance is well-founded; but if not, if the case be otherwise, then allow me to implore your lordship, in the name of truth and justice, to remove the imputation which has been cast upon us.

‘As far, my lord, as I have been able to collect the opinions of those who consider our spiritual obedience as detracting from our duty to the State, they rest them on this supposition, namely, that we recognise in the pope a power to interfere directly or indirectly with the rights of our sovereign, whether this power be, in the opinion of Catholics, derived to him from the word of God, or from certain decrees or canons of councils admitted by them as obligatory, or which may be rendered so by the will or authority of the pope himself. I think this a fair statement of the opinion of our adversaries. This opinion, however, we reject as unfounded; we consider it unjust and untrue; and we unequivocally declare that, so far from admitting it, we maintain the contrary, to wit:—That the pope has no power to interfere directly or indirectly with the rights of our sovereign, whether from the word of God, or from any decrees or canons of councils, which either are or can be rendered obligatory upon us.’—P. 7—11.

V. *Oaths*.—‘Why is not,’ says the Rev. S. Smith, ‘a Catholic to be believed on his oath?’

‘What says the law of the land to this extravagant piece of injustice? It is no challenge against a jurymen to say he is a Catholic; he sits in judgment upon your life and your property. Did any man ever hear it said that such or such a person was put to death, or that he lost his property, because a Catholic was among the jurymen? Is the question ever put? Does it ever enter into the mind of the attorney or the counsellor to inquire of the faith of the

jury? If a man sell a horse, or a house, or a field, does he ask if the purchaser is a Catholic? Appeal to your own experience, and try by that fairest of all tests the justice of this enormous charge.

'We are in treaty with many of the Powers of Europe, because we believe in the good faith of Catholics. Two-thirds of Europe are, in fact, Catholics; are they all perjured? For the first fourteen centuries all the Christian world were Catholics: did they live in a constant state of perjury? I am sure these objections against the Catholics are often made by very serious and honest men; but I much doubt if Voltaire has advanced any thing against the Christian religion so horrible, as to say that two-thirds of those who profess it are unfit for all the purposes of civil life; for who is fit to live in society who does not respect oaths? But if this imputation be true, what folly to agitate such questions as the civil emancipation of the Catholics! If they are always ready to support falsehood by an appeal to God, why are they suffered to breathe the air of England, or to drink of the waters of England? why are they not driven into the howling wilderness? But now they possess, and bequeath, and witness, and decide civil rights; and save life as physicians, and defend property as lawyers, and judge property as jurymen; and you pass laws, enabling them to command all your fleets and armies,* and then you turn round upon the very man whom you have made the master of the European seas, and the arbiter of nations, and tell him he is not to be believed on his oath.'—P. 1, 2.

Dr. Doyle, after having entered at large into the Catholic doctrine of oaths,† and refuted the imputation of Dr. Blomfield, continues—

'We have sworn to be faithful and to bear true allegiance to the king; we have sworn to defend him to the utmost of our power against all conspiracies, or attempts, whatever, against his person, crown, and dignity;—to do our utmost endeavours to disclose, and to make known to his majesty, his heirs, and successors, all treasons and conspiracies which may be formed against him or them;—to maintain, support, and defend, the succession of the crown to his majesty's family, &c. We have abjured all obedience or allegiance to any other person pretending, or claiming a right, to the crown of these realms; we have rejected, on our oaths, as unchristian and impious, whatever was imputed to us respecting the murdering men, or not keeping faith with them, on any ground or pretext of their being heretics; we have condemned, rejected, and abjured, on oath, the doctrine of the deposing power in the popes, or in any other authority; as also that the pope has, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, pre-eminence, or authority, directly or indirectly, within this realm; and we have expressly and explicitly sworn that we have taken these oaths without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation, whatsoever; and without thinking that we were, or could be, acquitted before God or man, or absolved of these declarations, or any part of them, although the pope, or any other person or persons, or authority whatsoever, should

* 'There is no law to prevent a Catholic from having the command of a British fleet or a British army.'

† The following is the Eleventh Declaration of the Catholic Prelates:—'The Catholics of Ireland not only do not believe, but they declare upon oath that they detest, as unchristian and impious, the belief "that it is lawful to murder or destroy any person or persons whatsoever, for or under the pretence of their being heretics;" and also the principle "that no faith is to be kept with heretics." They further declare, on oath, their belief, that "no act in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked, can ever be justified or excused by or under pretence or colour that it was done either for the good of the Church, or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power whatsoever;" "that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither are they thereby required to believe, that the pope is infallible;" and that they do not hold themselves "bound to obey any order in its own nature immoral, though the pope or any ecclesiastical power should issue or direct such an order; but, on the contrary, that it would be sinful in them to pay any respect or obedience thereto.'"

dispense with, or annul the same, or declare them null and void from the beginning. We have done all this, my lord, and if we be men and Christians,—if our doctrine be such as the legislature suppose, as our lives and conduct manifest, as our enemies admit, as I have proved it to be by the clearest and most irrefragable vouchers and testimony; then, is it reasonable, is it just, is it consonant to what Nature and the Gospel enjoin, to charge us with a disregard for oaths, or with a disposition such as the Council of Constance imputed to the Hussites, viz.—to commit perjury for the good of the faith?—P. 171, 172.

‘But to the charges already enumerated, is added another scarcely less offensive, that of our believing that we may be freed by some dispensation from our lawful engagements, though confirmed with an oath; nay, some persons have in times past, and what is more to be lamented, even at a later period, strongly insinuated, that licenses are granted in our Church to take oaths which are not deemed lawful in themselves, but yet permitted on account of some good supposed to be attained, or attainable, by the taking of them. This calumnious imputation not being supported by any thing but conjecture proceeding from the foulness of a bad heart—being only the fruit of an unchristian spirit, which thinketh evil of a neighbour without cause, can only be met by me with the most direct and unequivocal denial.’—P. 175, 176.

‘Our country is no longer a fief of the holy see. Our sovereign has not received his crown from the hands of a pope; he has not sworn fidelity or obedience to some legate Pandolph or Hubert; he has not sworn to uphold and maintain the rights, privileges, and immunities of the Catholic Church; he has not consented, for the promotion of piety and the good of our souls, that his own dispensing power (which is happily now as unheard of as it is unknown to the constitution) should, by a treaty of holy alliance with the other sovereigns of Europe, be transferred to the pope. This state of things has ceased; the frame of society on which it stood

has been broken to pieces. The sun might be again made to stand or retrograde, as in the time of the ancients, but a dispensing power in either prince or pope within these realms never can be revived.’—P. 189, 190.

VI. *Emancipation not dangerous to the Established Church.*—‘Another question,’ says Mr. Wilmot Horton, ‘upon which I conceive it to be absolutely necessary that a much more clear and argumentative repudiation should be made by the Roman Catholic body than has ever yet been published, is the question of the presumed claims of the Roman Catholics upon the property of the Protestant church.’

The question is absurd, for the regulation of Church property rests with the legislature, and not with the Catholics; but let the thirteenth declaration of the Irish Catholic bishops satisfy the member for Newcastle-under-Line. ‘The Catholics of Ireland, far from claiming any right or title to forfeited lands, resulting from any right, title, or interest which their ancestors may have had therein, declare upon oath, “that they will defend to the utmost of their power, the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, as established by the laws now in being.” They also “disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure, any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, for the purpose of substituting a Catholic Establishment in its stead. And further, they swear that they will not exercise any privilege to which they are or may be entitled, to disturb and weaken the Protestant Religion and Protestant Government in Ireland.”’—P. 302.

‘The real danger,’ says the Rev. Sydney Smith, ‘is this, that you have six Irish Catholics for one Irish Protestant. That is the matter of fact, which none of us can help. Is it better policy to make friends, rather than enemies, of this immense population? I allow there is danger to the Protestant church, but much more danger, I am sure there is, in resisting than admitting the claims of the Catholics. If I might indulge in visions of glory, and imagine myself an Irish dean or bishop, with an immense ecclesiastical income; if the

justice or injustice of the case were entirely indifferent to me, and my only object were to live at ease in my possessions, *there is no measure for which I should be so anxious as that of Catholic Emancipation.* The Catholics are now extremely angry and discontented at being shut out from so many offices and honours: the incapacities to which they are subjected, thwart them in all their pursuits: they feel they are a degraded caste. The Protestant feels he is a privileged caste; and not only the Protestant gentleman feels this, but every Protestant servant feels it, and takes care that his Catholic fellow-servant shall perceive it. The difference between the two religions is an eternal source of enmity, ill-will, and hatred; and the Catholic remains in a state of permanent disaffection to the government under which he lives. I repeat that if I were a member of the Irish Church, I should be afraid of this position of affairs. I should fear it in peace, on account of riot and insurrection; and in war, on account of rebellion. I should think that my greatest security consisted in removing all just cause of complaint from the Catholic society, in endearing them to the English constitution, by making them feel, as soon as possible, that they shared in its blessings. I should really think my tithes and my glebe, upon such a plan, worth twenty years' purchase more than under the present system. Suppose the Catholic layman were to think it an evil, that his own church should be less splendidly endowed than that of the Protestant church, whose population is so inferior; yet if he were free himself, and had nothing to complain of, he would not rush into rebellion and insurrection, merely to augment the income of his priest.—P. 11, 12.

'If you will take a long view instead of a confined view, and look generally to the increase of human happiness, *the best check upon the increase of Popery, the best security for the establishment of the Protestant Church, is, that the British empire shall be preserved in a state of the greatest strength, union, and opulence.* My cry then is, *No Popery*; therefore emancipate the Catholics,

that they may not join with foreign Papists in time of war. *Church for ever*; therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not help to pull it down. *King for ever*; therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may become his loyal subjects. *Great Britain for ever*; therefore emancipate the Catholics, that they may not put an end to its perpetuity. *Our government is essentially Protestant*; therefore, by emancipating the Catholics, give up a few circumstances which have nothing to do with the essence. *The Catholics are disguised enemies*; therefore, by emancipation, turn them into open friends. *They have a double allegiance*; therefore, by emancipation, make their allegiance to their king so grateful, that they will never confound it with the spiritual allegiance to their pope. It is very difficult for electors, who are much occupied by other matters, to choose the right path amid the rage and fury of faction: but I give you one mark, *vote for a free altar*; give what the law compels you to give to the establishment; (that done,) no chains, no prisons, no bonfires for a man's faith; and above all, no modern chains and prisons under the name of disqualifications and incapacities, which are *only the cruelty and tyranny of a more civilized age*; civil offices open to all, a Catholic or a Protestant alderman, a Moravian, or a Church of England, or a Wesleyan justice, *no oppression, no tyranny in belief: a free altar, an open road to heaven; no human insolence, no human narrowness, hallowed by the name of God.*—P. 18, 19.

'So little, my lord,' says Dr. Doyle, 'am I disposed, in the event of our question being settled, to interfere with the Church Establishment, that, when a gleam of hope (and it was but a gleam) beamed upon my mind, of that happy consummation, I took the liberty of suggesting in my examination before your lordship, how the collection of tithes in Ireland could be rendered less onerous and odious; whilst in reply to a question proposed to me on the same subject, I gave on my oath the following answer:—"I conceive that the removal of the disqualification under which

Roman Catholics labour, would lessen considerably those feelings of opposition, which they may at present entertain with regard to the Establishment; chiefly for this reason, that whilst we labour under the disabilities which now weigh upon us, we find that the established clergy, who are very numerous and very opulent, employ their influence and their opulence in various ways, to oppose the progress of our claims; and I do think, that if those claims were once adjusted, and the concessions which we desire granted, the country would settle down into a habit of quiet, and that we would no longer feel the jealousy which we now feel against the clergy of the Established Church, because that jealousy arises chiefly from the unrelaxed efforts which they have almost universally made to defeat our claims. We would view them then, if those claims were granted, as brethren labouring in the same vineyard with ourselves, seeking to promote the interests of our common country."—P. 192—4.

'Whatever dispositions there may prevail in Ireland with regard to Church property, I am confident they are in no way allied to the Catholic religion, or the profession of it; that the arguments which have been used to connect our creed with the disturbance of what is legally established, have been conceived in error; and that the views of those who have written or spoken on this subject have been egregiously misunderstood. The opinion which is recorded of me with respect to it, I still hold: moreover, I am firmly convinced that, whilst the Catholic question is agitated, the wealth of the Church will be censured; and that when the former is settled, the latter will, like all property in Ireland, be rendered more valuable, if not also more secure.'—P. 201.

VII. *Emancipation could not disarrange the settlement of Property.*—To the declaration of the Catholic bishops already quoted, we shall only add a short extract from the Rev. Sydney Smith. 'A great deal of time,' says he, 'would be spared, if gentlemen, before they ordered their post-chaises for a No Popery meeting, would read the most ele-

mentary defence of these people, and inform themselves even of the rudiments of the question. If the Catholics meditate the resumption of the Catholic property, why do they purchase that which they know (if the fondest object of their political life succeed) must be taken away from them? Why is not an attempt made to purchase a quietus from the rebel who is watching the blessed revolutionary moment for regaining his possessions, and revelling in the unbounded sensuality of mealy and waxy enjoyments? But, after all, who are the descendants of the rightful possessors? The estate belonged to the O'Rourkes, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, in the time of Cromwell: true, but before that, it belonged to the O'Connors, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered in the time of Henry VII. The O'Sullivans have a still earlier plea of suspension, evisceration, and division. Who is the rightful possessor of the estate? We forget that Catholic Ireland has been murdered three times over by its Protestant masters.'—P. 26, 27.

Another word is not necessary on this subject.

VIII. *Invading Spirit of the Church of Rome.*—'To deny,' says Dr. Doyle, 'that the see of Rome would be disposed to encroach upon the rights and privileges of other Churches, would not, in me, be consistent with truth or candour; I believe she is like all other Churches, and may think that human affairs are best directed when her own power, privileges, and possessions, are enlarged and exalted. I can, however, say, that in these latter ages she has been refunding rather than acquiring; so that in searching for an example of a Church which *invades*, I should rather seek it nearer home; I would discover it in a Church which lifts her spires, and gathers her fruits in a country, where, on the petition of one of her communicants, a costly building may be erected at the expense of those who do not belong to her fold: or in another country, where, as I am informed, if one of her children settle in a Catholic parish, he shall be exempt from paying tithes to the priest; but if the majority of the parishioners be of

her communion, then the minority of whatever creed shall concur with this majority in yielding tenths to her parson.* But this spirit is not the less objectionable because it happens to pervade different bodies; it is, however, a spirit inherent in human nature; it must exist wherever there are corporations; and whilst these are deemed essential to the well-being of society, their spirit, which cannot be extinguished, can only be watched carefully, and checked, or confined, when necessary. It is, my lord, in the power of that government in which your lordship holds so distinguished a place, did they vouchsafe to avail themselves of the information and assistance which are within their reach, to prescribe limits to that spirit, beyond which it could not pass. A Concordat with Rome could, without difficulty, be obtained, and the stipulations of it would fix the rights of all definitively. Such an arrangement would for ever remove that influence of foreigners upon our affairs, which now creates alarm; and creates it, perhaps, only because the nature or extent of it are not sufficiently known to the public.—P. 211—216.

IX. *Influence of Catholic Members in the House of Commons.*—‘The strongest evidence against the Catholics is that of Colonel John Irvine; he puts every thing against them in the strongest light, and Colonel John (with great actual, though I am sure with no intentional exaggeration) does not pretend to say there would be more than forty-six members returned for Ireland who were Catholics; but how many members are there in the

house now returned by Catholics, and compelled, from the fear of losing their seats, to vote in favour of every measure which concerns the Catholic Church? The Catholic party, as the colonel justly observes, was formed when you admitted them to the elective franchise. The Catholic party are increasing so much in boldness, that they will soon require of the members they return, to oppose generally any government hostile to Catholic emancipation, and they will turn out those who do not comply with this rule. If this is done, the phalanx so much dreaded from emancipation, is found at once without emancipation. This consequence of resistance to the Catholic claims is well worth the attention of those who make use of the cry of No Popery, as a mere political engine.’—*Letters to the Electors.*—P. 22.

Having now furnished Mr. Wilmot Horton with a statement of Catholic principles which are uniform and general, and not of opinions which are variable and individual, we fancy he can have little hesitation in facing his constituents with this analysis in his coat-pocket. Most willingly would we furnish him with some counsel of our own, but that the length to which this article has extended prevents us from doing more than recommend him to peruse the whole of Dr. Doyle’s essay.† For the same reason we are prevented from making a few extracts from Mr. Therry’s production. We can, however, assure our readers that it is well worthy of a perusal, though by no means of equal importance with the others on our list.

AN HOUR OF IDLENESS.

‘Da mihi agellum,’ &c.

A COTTAGE rural, neat and pretty,
Charms those that hate the city;
Where a fountain ever playing,
Where a russet copse displaying
Its varied beauties through the year,
Glads the eye, and soothes the ear.
Glorious Flaccus, reading thee
’Neath the leafy canopy,
They enjoy the passing hour,
Shaded by the beechen bower.

* Canada.

† Eight or nine months ago we gave it as our opinion that it only required an effort to raise the Dublin press to first-rate respectability. Dr. Doyle’s book is a proof how readily it can equal that of London.

April, 1826.

This, when ages onward roll,
 In the winter of the soul,
 Haply may be sweet at last,
 When the fire of youth is past :
 Now my blood rejects with scorn
 Honey tree, and fragrant thorn ;—
 Heath and myrtle feed it now,
 Where they wreath the mountain brow—
 Fern too, and mossy rocks,
 Where peeps out the ruby fox.
 There I go and while my hour,
 With the white cloud for my bower ;
 Mortal mansions far above,
 Nigh the blue vault that I love ,
 Where the eagle flaps his wing,
 There I mount, and there I sing ;
 Sing of all I see around me ;
 Sing of all I see beneath me ;
 And, when with lichen I have crowned me,
 With green fern I'll enwreath me.
 At my feet I spurn a city—
 In my right I grasp a flood,
 As a green snake—and through pity
 I will not crush yon speck of wood.
 Who shall dare dispute my power ?
 Who shall dare divide my reign ?
 Lo ! yon thunder-charged shower—
 Shall I not involve the plain ?
 I am master of my mountain,
 I despise the crouching earth,
 With the torrent for my fountain,
 And the cavern for my birth.
 Think me not a lonely hermit,
 I have friends I prize full high ;
 Yonder wild goat on the summit,
 Yonder raven in the sky.
 I in these have friend and brother,
 For we speak a kindred tongue ;
 Oft, saluting one the other,
 Have our welcome hailings rung.
 When the evening shadows darken,
 Drawing forth each palely light,
 To the surly grouse I hearken,
 Clam'rous guardian of the night ;
 Challenging some late intruder,
 Some benighted weary hind,
 And his crowing—wilder—louder—
 Comes upon the evening wind.
 Here I sink in dewy slumber,
 Purple heath entwines my head ;
 Thyme supports each sinking member,
 Yellow mosses form my bed.
 Glorious visions now come o'er me,
 Brilliant visions of the sky ;
 Earth unlocks her caves before me,
 Heaven's portals open fly.
 Here I rest till golden Morning
 The grey-beard Twilight drives away ;
 And her winged rosy warning
 Swift proclaims approaching day.

LEGENDARY TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. II.

SHANE NEATHER.

YE, who wish to see the remnant of the Celtic race in all its primitive purity, hie to the mountains of Connaught; for in Ireland, as every where else, these timid people have escaped destruction only by having taken refuge in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the country. If there be a drop of antiquarian blood in your veins, you cannot fail to recognise in the diminutive form, the little keen blue eyes, and the thin sharp visage, of the Leitrim mountaineer, the genuine descendant of the unwarlike Celt. It was not potatoes that made him thus, Mr. Denis Browne,* for had he been either broader or bigger, taller or fiercer, he must have been a bastard; which, for the honour of the mother who bore him, I am glad to say was not the case.

Talk not to me of your Milesian blood; for may be, after all your chronicles, psalters, and histories, there is not a drop in your veins, whatever Keating, O'Halloran, and O'Connor, may say to the contrary. Catch a Paddy in any of the three provinces, or even in the low lands of Connaught—turn him round and round, view him fore and aft, right and left, across and along—mark his tall athletic frame, his sinewy limbs, his high and ample forehead, his well-bearded chin, his martial look, and his restless propensities—and if, after all this, you should want a genealogical tree to tell you that he is the descendant of the brave Scandinavians, be assured you know nothing about the matter. A Milesian! Pshaw! why should he be a Milesian? There is nothing in the name to be proud of; it is identified with pusillanimity and defeat. Every where they have fled before their opponents; and to this hour the true Milesian inherits all the timidity of his forefathers. Faith, to tell you the truth, Paddy's origin is real Gothic. Every thing about him declares this fact; and, had we nothing

else to judge by, his pugnacity is a sufficient proof of it. At least the majority of the present breed is impregnated with this martial blood; and to such an extent, too, that it is not easy to meet with an exception. On the Connaught mountains only can the mild and harmless Celt be found with certainty; and so little change has time wrought in him, that he answers fully to the portrait of two centuries old.

But there is something in Connaught worth looking at besides the children of the Ibero Scot: don't turn up your nose, like Cromwell's soldiers, because this people have been

—— 'long and hardly used,
At random censured, and by all abused.'

There are warm hearts and pretty girls in Connaught; and for the lovers of the sublime and beautiful it possesses attractions unequalled perhaps in any other part of Europe. Were I an artist, I should clap you down a mountain here, a river there, a gentleman's house on the right, a wood on the left, and cottages every where; and would not this be a pretty picture? Why, then, hundreds of these are to be found every day in Connaught; and, if you won't believe me, just take your place next June on the Sligo coach, and judge for yourself. When you are there, don't overlook the river Boyle; it's a pretty river; much prettier, in my opinion, than the Shannon. It has its wide-spread lakes and romantic banks in great profusion, and the Leitrim men are very proud of it; but, strange to say, very few of them will acknowledge that they owe this noble stream, and the lake it springs from, to *Shane Neather's*† dirty shirt! Nothing, however, can be more certain, if old Honor O'Brien, who lives in a lonely cottage on the north bank of Loughgara, told me truth. It was on a fine summer's day, about a dozen years ago, that I entered her cabin, and fine and clean it looked, and fine and cool it felt; and a pretty brood of chickens she had of her

* See this gentleman's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee.

† John the fool; literally, John not knowing. Perhaps the proper orthography of this name is Shane Neadher: in Leinster it is pronounced Shane Headher.

own feeding on the floor. In my side-pocket I had a flask of genuine *uisge-beatha*;* and being somewhat thirsty after my ramble, I wished to dilute it with some water.

'Nay be then you'd prefer a drop of nice skimmed milk, fresh from Mrs. O'Hara's dery; for, the Lord bless her, she's good to the poor,' said Mrs. Honor.

'No, I'd rather have water.'

'Phy, then, you must have it, though the not a drop I have nearer than Polly Houlahan's well down in the hollow, barren you'd drink some out o' the lough.'

To this I assented.

'Curse o' Cromwell on you, Shane Neather,' said Mrs. O'Brien; as she returned with her red pitcher full of water from the lake; 'only for you we needn't want a nice spring well of our own.'

'Why, what has Shane done to your well?'

'Och! it's an ould story, sir,' replied Mrs. Honor, as I handed her a cupful of the grog. 'Here's towards your very good health, and may you never be dry nor hungry, nor want fhiskey at your wake. And so you never hard all about Shane Neather? That's mighty quare, so it is; for sure every body have hard of it. Musha! then, since you ax me, I'll tell you, just as I hard it from my granny—rest her soul in glory; though may be when I've toul't you, you'll call me an ould stouk, like Fadhur Barney last week, when he was christenen Paddy Foley's child. "Fadhur Barney," says I—

'Never mind Father Barney: tell me about Shane Neather.'

'Well, then, long and long ago, many years afore you or I was born, there lived where Mrs. O'Hara lives now a great big farmer,† and had several sons; but one ov'em, Christ

save us! was born a right down nathural; and being a kind of half innocent, he was called Shane Neather. Poor fellow, he was no good at the larnen at all; and so as they couldn't drive it into his head by fair means or by foul means, egad, they made a cow-boy of him, and sent him to herd the cattle in the very place where you now see the lough. It was then no lough neather, but a most beautiful fine grazing ground, and was called *Gara*—that is, rich or profitable; and so it was, I be bound; and if the farmer's wife that then was knew how to make her butthur for the market as well as Mrs. O'Hara does now, she cleared a pretty penny of her own.

'Shane grew up a great pustachawn of a fellow, as big as a side of a house; and well he might, for he had nothin to do the live long day but sheen himself in the sun from mornin to night. One day nothin wud do my gentleman but he must go and wash his shirt in the holy well, the dirty beast; but he wasn't a beast nether, but a poor innocent gomulagh. The well was a mighty fine holy well, and blessed by St. Patrick's own hands, when he was drivin the sarpants out of Ireland. Every one in the whole country wud die afore they wud allow any body to muddy it in the least, bekase they know what wud happin, and what did happin; for that very night after Shane had washed his shirt in it, 'twas seen flying over the bounds ditch of the county Sligo, and twelve candles lighten about it.‡ 'Twas seen by hundreds, moving like a great grand funeral, and never since was hard such music as was played at the time. 'Twas like as if all the keeners of the three counties was doen their best to try who could keen best.

'But, *mo-thruaigh*!§ this wasn't

* Whiskey; literally, the water of life. There can be no doubt but that whiskey is a corruption of these two words.

† Big farmer signifies a wealthy farmer.

‡ This superstitious regard for wells is general in Ireland, and is not only innocent in itself, but productive of much good. It converts all wells into public property, while it preserves them from the least taint of pollution. There are many versions of this story current in different parts, but all describe the well as quitting its original place when once washed in: lighted candles are invariably seen accompanying it in its flight. Nearly every parish in the kingdom can show a place where a holy well had been, until some slattern had washed her clothes in it.

§ My grief!

the worst of it. Next mornen the farmers cows were found on the hill, and all the valley one great sea of wather as you now see it, with the river Boyle runnen out of it; for afore this there was no river at all, barren a little stream. The farmer, you may be sure, was as mad as a March hare; and well he might, afther losen his fine land; but as there was no help for spilt milk, as the sayen is, Shane was ordered once more to herd the cows on the banks of the lough, which was called from that day to this Loughgara, instead of Glengara.

‘One fine summer’s day, like this one, praise be to Heaven! while poor simple Shane was minden his cows, he saw comin out o’ the lake a great big white bull with red ears. The poor fellow was frightened out of his life, as well he might, but wasn’t able to run away; so he hid himself behind a bush, and watched the strange beast, who run to a muil cow, who happened at the time to be bully; and from that day to this the breed—that is, white cows with red ears—are called *care cuicna*. Now Shane wasn’t altogether a fool nether, for he kept his own counsel, and tould nobody at all about it but the fairyman, who said—“You are a decent garsoon, and if you mind the cow till she calves, and bring me a noggin of her beisthens* before any liven thing tastes it, I’ll give you a charm against the fairies, and make a great man o’ you.”

‘Poor Shane was delighted at this, and so watched the cow night and day till she calved; and then, well become him, he runs and milks her afore the calf could stand up. As he was carrying the beisthens to the fairyman, he just axed himself “what can he be wanten wid this? nay be there’s a charm in it:” and wid that he lifts the noggin to his lips, and takes a drink. In a minute he became a great prophesier—could tell every thing that was to happen; and so he was tould by the fairyman, who cursed and swore like a trooper on being deceived, and promised Shane that he should be hanged, though he was now a prophesier.

‘Next mornin, as the farmer’s wife was gitten ready to go to market wid a basket of eggs, Shane seas—“Modhur, be afther taken a fool’s advice, and stay at home: if you don’t, you’ll fall and brake the eggs.”—“Whist! you gawky,” seas she, “and don’t be promisin ill luck: go and mind your cows, for sure you know nothin, you poor nathural.”—But Shane was a prophesier, though nobody knew it but the fairyman. What he sade about the eggs came to pass sure enough; his modhur mounted her loisk,† for there was then no side-saddle in these parts; and she hadn’t got past the bawn gate when she saw a corker pin, with the point right forenent her. A little further on she saw three magpies; and a little further, she met a red-haired woman.‡ This made her bless

* *Beistin*, in Irish, signifies a *little beast*. Hence probably beisthens, which is applied to the milk taken from the cow immediately after she has calved.

† A loisk is, or rather was, made of straw; and among the poor, in remote districts, supplied the place of a saddle. It consisted of extremely thick straw ropes, laid double along the horse’s back, confined by a straw crupper, and a girt of the same material. In former times, *Bocchahs*—once a numerous and mischievous race—used to ride on these kind of saddles: thence the name; for *loisc*, in Irish, signifies a cripple.

‡ It is considered unlucky to find a pin with the point towards you. A crooked pin, however, is full of promise. Two, four, six, &c. magpies, are lucky; but one, three, five, &c. are the reverse. A red-haired woman, all the world knows, if met first in the morning, bodes mischief.

The enlightened reader may smile at this, when perhaps he is himself subject to apprehensions quite as involuntary. The metaphysical scholar need not be told of the force of first impressions, or that superstitious fears and a thorough conviction of their unreasonableness are by no means incompatible.

Perhaps I may as well observe here that the Editor of the ‘Dublin and London’ has been kind enough to hand me some communications from Ireland, wherein the writers charge me very unceremoniously with the crime of intentionally holding the Irish peasantry up to ridicule. If this be their serious opinion, I pity their understanding; and I have the satisfaction to know that those who are best capable of

herself, and wish that she had taken Shane's advice; and well it wud be for her if she had; for when she came to a turn in the road, a-vich, her beast took fright at a dead carron, run away wid her, holus-bolus, and never crack cried till he threw her into the ditch. Phen she got up she found her eggs all *prashough*, and her basket broke into *smiddereens*.

'A body wud think that this was enough, my jewel, to larn her sense; but phen she came home, nothen wud sarve her tura but set-to and give the poor garsoon—I mane Shane Neather, her own child too—a most unmarcifol beaten, bleamen him for all that happened to her, when God knows the faut was her own, and nobody else's; for had she stade at 'ome, as Shane prophecied, her eggs wudn't have been broken. Next day the farmer called all hands, and Shane among the rest, to go draw home the hay. "Betther not, fadhur," seas Shane, "for it will rain afore we're half done."—"Hould your prate, you numskull," seas the farmer; "what do you know about it? Sure there never was a finer day shinin out o' the heavens." And so it was a beautiful, fine day, sure enough; but, afther all, Shane Neather was right; for they hadn't time to make half a rick, when down came the shower

like mille murdher, and wet 'em all to ringen dung, and spielt the hay to boot. Here agen poor Shane came in for a beaten, for the farmer blamed him for't all.

'Soon afther this Shane's eldest sisther was goen to be married to a great fortune entirely, and there was nothen but fiththa-foththa through the house while praparen for the wedden. Duren the hurry-burry, Shane Neather seas to his modhur, "Musha! then, modhur agra," seas he, "aren't you a great big ould fool to marry my sisther to Peter Steakam's son, and give a fortune, too, when she will be a corpse in her could grave before this day twelmonth?" This put the farmer's wife in such a pucker, that she flew upon Shane, and gave him a real malla-vougein, and kilt him outright, so she did. The wedden took place, you may be sure; and there was great givens out, and the hallen home was a mortual grand sight, such as hadn't been seen in the whole country for years afore. But life, aghud, is uncertain, and so Fadhur Barney seas, God bless him! and egad the bride was a corpse afore that day twelmonth, as Shane had foretould. Every one sade it was all owen to Shane Neather; and sure enough it is a very bad thing to pro-

forming an opinion on the subject have done me the justice to think otherwise. Much sooner would I throw a veil over the nakedness of the land than reveal its deformities; but the truth is, it owes nothing to my charity. The *Legendary Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, and the anecdotes of their superstitious notions connected with fairy lore, so far from exhibiting any thing reprehensible, are so many proofs of their wit and imagination. They display the activity of their fancy, the mildness of their disposition, the goodness of their hearts, and the humanity of their feelings. This I stated twelve months ago, in the introduction to these tales. I found their superstition, in this respect, what the French would call a charming trait in their amiable character; and, as such, I endeavoured to develop it. 'Tis true I made themselves, as far as possible, their own historians: I have used their own words; and if there be truth in my pictures, and I flatter myself that there is, how can I have given offence, even to the humblest individual in the community? Is it because I have not made the peasantry philosophers, and described them as acquainted with abstract sciences, that some individuals have got angry? I have given no false colours to my pictures—I have drawn the Irish peasant as he is; and such as he appears in my drafts, he will lose nothing by comparison with the peasantry of any country in Europe. Popular superstition is not confined to Ireland: in fact, the English people are much more superstitious than the Irish; while the popular stories of the latter are of a very superior order. Besides, these harmless notions are every day losing ground in Ireland. Education has long since announced the approaching death of the Banshee; and though I am far from undervaluing the progress of reading, perhaps it may be found hereafter that a simple peasantry can believe in things more pernicious than even the existence of the *Phooka*. For my own part, I would prefer the society of the most unlettered peasants in Connaught to that of the lectured English operatives, who are to be found spouting nonsense in every tap-room in the kingdom.

mise misfortune to any liven sinner. But what is to be will be, astore; and so 'twas to happen; and so Shane got another beaten, to his heart's content. Every thing he sade came to pass; and, as his family thought he had an evil eye, they hated the sight of him. One gave him a thump, and another a polthoge; and at last, and at long run, the poor crethure's heart was amost broke; and egad 'twas a sorrowful day for him, poor garsoon, when he drank the beisthens.

'Still Shane Neather was kept minden the cows; and as he was one day playin on his corn-crake, a young gintleman—one o' the real sort, aghud, none of your here to-day and gone to-morrow spalpeens, but a true blue—came to fish in the lough. "Morrow, Shane," seas he. "Musha! morrow kindly," seas Shane. "Any fish here, Shane?" seas he. "Plenty," seas Shane; "but what a mortual shame for you to be botheren your brains wid your stick and your string, and your other menavalence, when you cud be doen much betther."

"Och! is that all you know about it, Shane, asthore?" seas he. "Sure there is no luck at all for the real ould gintlemen since the Sassenachs, bad luck to 'em! got amongst us. An't it a burnin shame that they should enjoy the fields, and the every thing that was ours, and our fadhurs' afore us?"

"An what he sade was true enough, for though poor and lonely as I look, God help me! my grandfadhur's fadhur owned three town-lands in the sweet county Leitrim, long life to't! But nay be you aren't a Roman?"*

I understood the interrogation, and replied—"Ay, and a Grecian, too!"

"Well, and God bless you for that," continued Mrs. Honor, "and so I'll go on wid my story; for there's no religion like the Cathlic, afther all, say what you like. Well, as I was sayen, the poor young gintleman was bemoanen his hard case, when Shane seas—"Your fadhur and your fadhur's fadhur were great men, to be sure, and so they ought, bekase they were the right sort; but you'll be a greater man yet than 'em all."

"How, Shane?" axed the young gintleman.

"By marryen a Jarman princess."

'The young gintleman—whose name I forgot to tell you was Browne, a real ould name—laughed; but when Shane tould him all about it, how he drank the beisthens, and how he became a prophesier, 'gad he blieved him; and, afther axen his fadhur's and modhur's blessin, he takes Shane Neather wid 'em for a sarvant, and set off hot foot to Jarmany. When they reched the town where the great rich princess lived, they cudn't get a sight of her, nor say as much as "How do you do?" The young gintleman—I mane Mr. Browne—was greatly cast down in the mouth, and blamed himself for blieven Shane; but he had no rasin in life, as you shall hear.

'The princess's fadhur was a great king, and he was at war wid another king; and this king was beaten that king, who was runen away for the bear life. "He needn't run," seas Shane to his masther, "if you join him;" and so Mr. Browne joined him, and won the battle. "Brave Irishman," seas the king, "welcome to Jarmany! You have saved my kingdom, and what shall I give you?" "Your daughter," seas Mr. Browne. "Phy, then," seas the king, "and so I wud wid all the veins in my heart, barren she hadn't been promised to prince—"something, whose name is on the top o' my tongue. But that's nether here nor there; and so poor Mr. Browne was agen cast down in the mouth. "Don't fret, asthore," seas Shane, "for the princess will be yours, or I'm no prophesier." "How?" axed his masthur. "Bekase," seas Shane, "her ould sweetheart will be kilt in battle a fortnight come Friday next." An sure enough so he was; and Mr. Browne did wonders, killen and houghen thousands wid his sword; and when the battle was over, he saw the princess, and was married to her that day six weeks.

'This was lucky for Mr. Browne, who now became a great Jarman prince; and that he might be greater nor any of 'em, he locks my poor Shane up in a castle, to keep him

* i. e. a Catholic.

prophecyin for himself, and no other; and kept 'im there till he fretted the skin off his bones, and was miserable intirely, so he was. At length, and at long run, he got out, and made the best of his way home; and when he got to his fadhur's he was as poor and as ragged as a three-year-ould colt, afther liven a whole winter on the bare bush.

'Shane Neather's name was now up: people came far and near to consult 'im, and among the rest a great grand lord from Dublin, in the dress of a poor traveller,* bekase he didn't like to be known in his own clothes.

"You're a prophesier?" seas he to Shane.

"Yes, praise be to God! I am," seas Shane.

"Then you can tell me what is to happen to Ireland?"

"Musha! an that's what I can, wid a heart and a half," seas Shane; "bekase, though her night of sorrow will be long and dismal, she will yet be as happy as the flowers in May."

"Phen will that be?" axed the great lord in the dress of a beggar-man.

"Phen the stones," seas Shane, "speak on the side o' the road, and phen the fishes will be frightened from the strand of the big sea. Then there will be bluddy work in Ireland, and battles upon battles. A woman shall stand upon the highest ditch in the country for three days, widout bein able to see a single man. The cows shall remain widout bein milked, the harvest will be lost for want of some one to reap it, and the ghosts of the murdered shall walk through the country at the middle of the noon-day. At length the last battle will be fought on the banks of Loughail,† or Lake of Sorrow. For three long days a bouldin-mill will be turned wid the blud of the slain, till

at length the Irish army will drive the strangers into the lough, where the last of 'em will be drowned."

"This will be a sorrowful time," seas the lord; and well he might say that, Christ save us! I hope it won't happen in my time, though part of the prophecy is fulfilled, as Thady Conellan, the larned schoolmaster, seas. "The stones," seas Thady, "speak; for sure 'ent there mile-stones every where set up on the side o' the roads? and don't our round *jobs*‡ frighten the fish from the shore wid their firen at the French?"

'But what became of Shane?"

'Well, I'll tell you, if you have a moment's peshance, beggin your pardon. The great lord went about his ways, and two or three days afther a coach was sent from Dublin to fetch Shane Neather, wid promises to make a great man of 'im. "I'll never return," seas Shane, as he stepped into the coach; and sure enough he never returned to tell who kilt 'im, bekase why he was hanged as high as Ramsey, at Dublin. The great people there sade he was a big blaggard of a liar, and sade he was sendin the people astray wid his prophecy, and that he was no prophesier at all; and so there was an end of Shane Neather.

'Troth, it might have been better for 'im to lave the beisthens alone, for all the good they done 'im, in the long run. At first his prophesyin got 'im many a polthoge at home; in Jarmany it got 'im confined in a big black dungun; and in Dublin it got 'im hanged like a thief at last. I blieve what Fadhur Barney seas is true enough—that we oughtn't to be diven into what is to happen, but mind our poor souls; for, as Thady, the masther, writes in my Paddy's copy, "Contint is the best wealth."

* i. e. a beggar-man.

† In the county of Westmeath. Loughail also signifies the beautiful lake. This prophecy is applied in many parts of the country to Columbeill, and scarcely a parish in Ireland in which this mill that is to be turned by human gore is not pointed out. Every one fixes the place with which he is most familiar as that where this decisive battle is to be fought. It is impossible now to trace this prediction to its origin, though it may not be difficult to guess at the feeling which gave rise to it. Nothing, however, is to be apprehended from its prevalence, for the calamities which are announced as its accompaniment neutralize its political tendency. I have heard even discontented spirits obtesting Heaven that the dreadful events announced in this foolish prediction might never take place.

‡ So the Martella Towers are called.

STANZAS.

Ye stars! attendant on that glorious Whole
 Who rules the world, omnipotent and great,
 He who has made, and will receive, the soul,
 Borne onward, upward, to that heav'nly state
 Which ye partake of—Spirits! ye that roll
 Around his splendour, joyful and elate;
 Eternal!—undecaying!—without end!
 Ye are my altars, before ye I bend!

Oh! could I read the stars as they were read,
 In ancient times, by prophet and by seer;
 Quick through the future would my soul be led,
 Where'er my wavering impulses would veer.
 I should review the living and the dead:
 Through countless ages would my vision steer;
 The past—the present—future—all would seem
 As the idea of a passing dream.

The *present* time is ours,—what's *past* is gone,—
 The *future* lies in prospect dark and drear;
 This hour is all that we can boast our own,—
 The *next* may view us 'reft of all most dear,
 Most pleasing, to our heart! There is not known
 Aught of the future; we but hope or fear;
 And Heaven has bade us 'trust, and take no heed
 'Yond this day's pleasure for the morrow's need.'

In mercy, o'er the future is a veil
 Drawn by a Power all-seeing, but unseen,
 Who to our darkling sight will not reveal
 What *will* be,—*may* be yet,—but what *has* been:
 On all the future he has set his seal;
 We see his works, but know not what they mean
 All is to us a visionary dream,
 If good or evil we can scarcely deem.

Were all that future to our senses known,
 Perhaps futurity would seldom please;
 And like a troubled bark that, tempest blown,
 Wanders o'er wave, o'er ocean, amid seas,
 Which the rude pilot knew not,—we thus thrown
 Would lose our present sense of joy or ease;
 And diving darkly, amid tempests tost,
 Would be upon *that* knowledge wrecked and lost.

Perhaps 'tis best, then, that the future lies
 So far above us, so beyond our reach,
 That we survey it with unlonging eyes;
 As he who, standing on a moonlit beach,
 Looks up to Heaven, and views the starry skies,
 Without one wish beyond what they may teach
 Him of astronomy. What I mean is this—
 He does not wish the stars or sky were his.

We know we cannot possibly discover
 What yet in life may be our future lot;
 We therefore coolly, quietly, give over,
 And *hope*,—and justly so; soon are forgot
 The lord or vassal—patriot or lover—
 All, all, must die, and be remembered not;
 Or, if remembered, mentioned (which is worse)
 With well-earned execrations or a curse!

When I have passed away (as all must pass),
 Oh ! be my name remembered by the few
 Friends whom I love : I care not if the mass
 Of commonage forget I ever knew
 What this earth's feelings were. But be the grass
 Which o'er my dust may spring wet with the dew
 Distilled from weeping eyes ; and may there wave
 Sweetly the wild rose o'er my lowly grave !

My epitaph be this :—' Stop ! here is laid
 Neath this green sod what once was soul and fire,
 And love and ecstasy !—but death has made
 The form all clay, and quenched each quick desire.
 Enough of him the marble now has said ;
 But, would'st thou more of him and his inquire,
 Go ! seek it in the hearts of those that live,
 And still, though years have rolled, unceasing grieve.'

Be my historians those I loved in life ;
 My faults *not* hid,—my virtues all made known
 (If I have any). Mention all the strife
 Of elemental passions,—tell alone
 How first I started, young, for pleasure rife,
 How early in my course I there was thrown,
 And fell beneath affliction's searching rod,
 Wrecked in my hopes,—yet trusting in my God.

Yes ! tell, too, all my weakness,—all my madness,—
 My hopes and glory,—sorrows, and my shame ;
 How blithe I bounded first with youthful gladness,
 And then how soon I found 'twas but a dream :
 How many were my pleasures,—what my sadness !
 Ah ! why is pleasure nothing but a name
 Scarce worth the search for—a shadow which, when caught,
 No real sense of joy or glory brought ?

Tell how my heart was constant 'mid each storm,
 As turns the magnet to its bridegroom pole !
 Tell how I truly loved one mind,—one form,
 And still loved on with constancy of soul.
 Through shame and sorrow was my bosom warm ;
 And, if between us e'er should oceans roll,
 Or mountains rise, would still love on and glow,
 And turn to her where'er my steps might go.

Tell every thought that breathed within my heart,
 Each word upon my tongue that lit and burned ;
 Probe, deeply probe, each hidden, inmost part
 Of my soul's character, however turned
 At times it might be by affliction's dart,
 Or raised aloft with joy when it had learned
 (Oh ! too entrancing thought !) for me there sprung
 Light from *her* eye, or music from *her* tongue !

Away, away, ye dreams ! perhaps I'll yield
 My spirit where the brave and young should die ;
 Perhaps my corse may sodden in some field
 Where thundered forth the red artillery.
 Go where I may, I bear a heart so steeled
 Against all fear, that death I may defy ;
 If thus I fall, be my inscription brief—
 ' Here lies a soldier ; this records our grief.'

O God! it is a dread, yet glorious sight,
 When stern battalions march in proud array,
 And form them in their ranks, to brunt the fight,
 And march into the field with souls as gay,
 As though upon them peered out eyes as bright
 As first enthralled each by its piercing ray.
 They sally to the field with hope and pride;—
 Ere eve has set the warriors have died!

And when they fall, they sleep in honour's bed;
 For them we raise and consecrate the pile;
 And Glory, weeping, gives to all *such* dead,
 To live in our fond memory for a while.
 Deep in each manly heart are registered
 Their names and honour;—whilst at times a smile
 Bursts through our sorrow like the sun through showers,
 To joy such bravery and worth were ours!

Fermoy.

SHOLTO.

LIFE OF ERASMUS.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, whose name has long been associated with the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, was born at Rotterdam,* in Holland, on the 28th of October, in or about the year 1467. It was his misfortune, but not his fault, as he said himself when reproached with his illegitimacy, to have been the guiltless offspring of a criminal intercourse which had subsisted for some time, between Margaret, the daughter of a physician of Sevenbergen, and one Gerard, the tenth son of respectable parents, who resided at Tergau. The attachment of this pair seems to have been sincere and mutual, but peculiarly unfortunate. Their friends opposed their union; and when their first child, Anthony, who seems to have died at an early age, was born, Gerard's relations endeavoured to persuade him to enter a convent. This he opposed; but, when Margaret a second time proved with child, to avoid their importunities he fled to Rome, where he supported himself by transcribing manuscripts; for, though the art of printing had been for some time discovered, the ancient method was not entirely exploded.

In the mean time his unfortunate mistress retired to Rotterdam, where

she was delivered of the subject of this memoir. He was at first called Gerard, after his father, but subsequently took the name by which he is universally known. On Margaret's return to Tergau after lying-in, he was taken charge of by his paternal grandmother; and Gerard's friends, the better to effect their purpose, sent him word that his beloved mistress was dead. Deeply afflicted at this information, he, in a paroxysm of grief, bid the world farewell, and embraced the ecclesiastical state. Soon after he returned to Tergau, and discovered the imposition which had been practised on him. He adhered, however, to his vows, and provided for Margaret and her two children. Erasmus mentions his parents, whose subsequent lives were irreproachable, with great tenderness. Both died while he was yet very young; but their affectionate conduct left its proper impression on his mind.

Gerard seems to have early discovered the capacity of his son, and had him sent to school. Erasmus was taught music, and for some time was employed as chorister in churches; and afterwards as singing-boy in the cathedral of Utrecht. It is reported of him, as of others, for the purpose

* It is said by one of his biographers (de Burigni) that the front of a small house in Rotterdam bears this inscription: '*Hæc est parvos Domus, Magnus quæ natus Erasmus.*' He always called himself with some grammatical inaccuracy, '*Roterodamus*;' and the city, proud of the honour, perpetuated their acknowledgments, not only by inscriptions and medals, but by a statue, which was erected first near one of the churches, but subsequently removed to one of the bridges.

of stimulating dulness, that his progress at school was far from flattering. Indeed he says so himself; but when we are told that at nine years of age his master in the College of Deventer, whither he had been sent, prognosticated his future greatness, we may well doubt the truth of this statement.

At fourteen years of age he was left entirely to guardians; who, having spent his little patrimony, thought to conceal their misconduct by persuading their ward to enter a monastery. He was sent from one religious house to another, but stoutly opposed their wishes, until induced by a school-fellow, who belonged to the Canons-Regular at Stein, to enter their convent. The great inducement was a library; and here Erasmus took the habit of a novice, and subsequently made his religious profession. At Stein he found a young man named Herman, who afterwards distinguished himself by the publication of some elegant poems; and, as their pursuits and love of literature were similar, they spent their days and nights in study. We are told by Le Clerc, that, while here, Erasmus made love to a pear-tree which the superior had exclusively appropriated to his own use. One morning, at daybreak, while the young novice was regaling himself on the forbidden fruit, he saw the prior approaching at a distance. Without seeming to have observed him, he affected the halting gait of a lame brother so adroitly, that the superior's resentment fell upon one wholly innocent.

At Stein Erasmus was far from being happy. He describes convents in a treatise called '*Du Contemptu Mundi*,' or Contempt of the World, as places of impiety rather than

of religion.* This must be received with some qualification; for men whose own lives have been irregular are very willing to extenuate their faults by attributing them to circumstances and bad example. 'His conduct,' says Mr. Butler, 'appears to have been irreproachable.' Erasmus has not ventured to say so much for himself. In a letter to the superior of Stein, when his reputation had extended over all Europe, he confesses that in his youth he had a propensity to very great vices. 'I never was,' says he, 'a slave to sensual passions, though formerly I sometimes yielded to them.'

That liberty which he so long wished for at length arrived. The Bishop of Cambray intending to take a journey to Rome, for the purpose of soliciting or receiving a cardinal's hat, wanted an attendant who could speak and write the Latin language fluently; and, finding in Erasmus the person he desired, quickly obtained his release from all the monastic vows, and carried him to Cambray. He had been previously in holy orders; and, in 1493, he was ordained priest, but continued to wear the Augustinian habit.

The bishop, having declined going to Rome, permitted Erasmus, in 1496, to visit Paris, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies; and promised him a pension, which was very irregularly paid, and sometimes not at all. In order to support himself he was obliged to take pupils, and, among others, William Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, who continued through life his friend and patron. He lived, as he says himself, rather than studied, until the plague, in 1497, obliged him to return to Cambray, where he met with the Marchioness of Vere,

* The following note occurs in Mr. Butler's '*Life of Erasmus*':—

'Every true Roman Catholic believes that nothing can be wrong in the faith of the Church; but they admit that, when Luther made his attack upon the Church of Rome, much reformation in the Church, both in respect to its head and its members, was wanting in discipline and morals. This is expressed without any qualification, in the first pages of Bossuet's *Variations*, particularly in the extracts in them from Cardinal Julian's letter to Pope Eugenius IV. written nearly a century before the Reformation.'

'Beausobre's *Histoire de la Reformation* is composed with candour and ability; but he left it incomplete, as it closes with the Confession of Augsburg. An history of the Preliminaries of the Reformation, or the *Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem*, an expression familiar to the writers upon the Continent, is a great want. We are informed by the editor of Beausobre's history, that something of the kind was found among his papers; if it has been printed, it has not yet found its way to the London market.'

who proved a great benefactress to him; in return for which he wrote her panegyric.

During this year he made his first visit to England, at the request of his noble pupil, Lord Mountjoy. At Oxford he became acquainted with all the English literati; and, as the study of Greek was then recently revived, he took lessons under the notorious Latimer. Erasmus spent twenty years in acquiring this language; and was partly self-taught. His method was to translate a treatise out of Greek into Latin, and then dedicate it to some wealthy patron. The money thus acquired served in a great measure to support him. We may pity the scholar, but must admit that his plan was ingenious.

He was highly pleased with England; for, in a letter dated December 5, 1497, he says, 'Here I have found a pleasant and salubrious air: I have met with humanity, politeness, learning; learning not trite and superficial, but deep, accurate, true old Greek and Latin learning; and withal so much of it, that, but for mere curiosity, I have no occasion to visit Italy. When Colet discourses, I seem to hear Plato himself. In Grocyn I admire an universal compass of learning. Linacer's acuteness, depth, and accuracy, are not to be exceeded: nor did nature ever form any thing more elegant, exquisite, and better accomplished, than More. It would be endless to enumerate all; but it is surprising to think how learning flourishes in this happy country.'

This year he returned to France, where he was taken very ill. He ascribes his recovery to the intercession of St. Genevieve. In 1498, he finished his '*Adagia*;' and, in the following year, he again visited England. His stay was short; and on his return the custom-house officers stripped him of all his money. In 1500 he published his '*Adagia*;' and, in 1502, he went to Italy, and soon after gave the world his celebrated '*Enchiridion Militis Christiani*,' or *Manual of a Christian Soldier*, which was quickly translated into several European languages. 'It is admitted,' says Mr. Butler, 'that some expressions in it fail in theological accuracy; and that, considering

it as a work of devotion, it does not speak sufficiently to the heart.'

Turin conferred on Erasmus the degree of doctor of divinity; and at Bologna, in 1506, he witnessed the triumphal entry of Pope Julius II. He viewed the head of the church in armour with disgust; and soon after wrote '*Julius Exclusus*,' or Julius shut out from Heaven. This satire, though never acknowledged, is undoubtedly his. At Padua he became the preceptor of Alexander, the natural son of James IV. of Scotland, who, though very young, had been nominated to the archbishopric of St. Andrew's; for our ancestors too understood these things. From Padua they removed to Sienna; and, on the recal of the pupil to Scotland, they visited Rome, where they parted. The young prelate was afterwards killed at the battle of Flodden-field.

While in Italy Erasmus was treated every where with marked attention, and was offered some lucrative employments by the Pope; but, as he expected to reap great advantages from the accession of Henry VIII. of England, who had just mounted the throne, he repaired to this country. His hopes of patronage from the young monarch were disappointed. On his arrival in London he took up his abode with the good and amiable Sir Thomas More, and soon after published his '*Encomium on Folly*,' an ingenious satire on the reigning foibles of the day. Bishop Fisher procured him a professorship at Cambridge, where he taught divinity, and afterwards Greek.

In 1513 he wrote against going to war; and soon after he left England, and renewed his wandering mode of life. Being invited to Brabant, he was made counsellor to Charles, Archduke of Austria; and subsequently removed to Basil with the intention of publishing his editions of the New Testament and St. Jerome; the latter appeared between 1516 and 1526, and the former in 1516. This was the first Greek edition. It ran through five editions, and was dedicated to Leo X. who honoured it by a brief, dated the 10th September, 1518. His holiness signified by it, that 'the attention bestowed by Erasmus on the New Testament had given his holiness great

pleasure; both because it showed very great erudition, and was highly approved by all learned men; and because his holiness conjectured, from the first edition, that the next, which was to be considerably augmented, would be very useful to the orthodox faith, and to those who should study theology.' 'Continue,' says the Pope to Erasmus, 'to labour for public utility; hasten to give so holy a work to the public: God will reward you. We do that justice to your labours which they deserve, and you may depend upon the approbation of all good Christians.' Erasmus protests, at the close of his preface, that 'he never had intentionally departed from the decisions of the Church; and desires, that if any thing, not exactly conformable to them, should be found in his writings, it should be considered as having escaped from him contrary to his intention.'

Erasmus accompanied the Greek edition with a new version in Latin,* both of which gave great satisfaction, although the two first editions did not contain the contested verse respecting the three heavenly witnesses.

Erasmus has certainly the honour of having diffused a taste for literature; and it must be admitted that

his writings facilitated the business of the Reformation. 'Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it,' was a common expression; and Mr. Butler charges him with attributing to the Catholic Church, generally, errors and superstitions which were only local and partial. Speaking of the Colloquies, there are many passages, he says, 'in which Roman Catholic doctrine and practices are unjustly represented, many bold and many offensive propositions, and these too written at a time when, on account of the general ferment of the minds of men, the publication of them was highly imprudent. The greatest fault of the work however is, that it leads the reader of it to believe, in opposition to the truth, that the abuses described by it, which had only a partial and limited existence, were in fact universal, and existed in the highest degree throughout the whole Roman Catholic world. This, the Roman Catholic may truly say, is doing his Church and its members a crying injustice.

To these charges, it is difficult for an admirer of Erasmus to make any reply, which will satisfy a Roman Catholic. It must be reduced to two heads; that, by the confession of all

* 'The Latin Vulgate translation of the Bible,' says Mr. Butler, 'is often mentioned, but what this translation really is, does not appear to be always generally understood.

1. It is not the *Interpretatio Italica* to which St. Augustine gave the preference over other versions, on account of its greater literal adherence to the text, and its greater perspicuity. This version has long disappeared.

2. St. Jerome's own translation of the New Testament from the Greek, is the real stock of the present Vulgate translation of it.

3. The text of this translation was extremely disfigured and corrupted in the middle ages. On the revival of letters, many persons of learning endeavoured to procure a new and correct edition of the New Testament; the edition then in general use was called the Vulgate edition: it was declared by the Council of Trent to be the *authentic edition of the Church*, and consequently inerrant, where the dogma of faith and morals is concerned, but not inerrant in any other sense. So far was the council from pronouncing it literally or verbally inerrant, that the council ordered it to be corrected, and a new edition of it to be published.

4. Such an edition was published by Sixtus Quintus, in 1590.

5. This edition was found to be so erroneous, that the copies were called in, and a new edition was published by Clement VIII. the immediate successor of Sixtus, in 1592. The Roman Catholic Church holds this edition in great veneration; and Protestant divines also mention it in high terms of praise. It is unquestionably a translation of the highest merit; it may be considered as a transcript, with very numerous literal variations, of the version made by St. Jerome. As this was made by him when the text was in a purer state than it is at present, and he probably had before him the still earlier *Interpretatio Italica*, some writers of eminence, both Catholic and Protestant, have contended, that the *Clementine Vulgate* expresses more of the true reading of the originals or autographs of the sacred penmen, than any Greek edition which has appeared or can now be framed. Even this may be thought a bold assertion; but to assert the *Clementine Vulgate* to be identical with the *Italica Interpretatio* of St. Augustine, is most evidently a gratuitous assumption.'

candid Catholics, abuses in the Church of Rome existed before the council of Trent, in a much greater degree than they do at present; in a greater degree too than those, who have not extended their inquiries far into the subject, will easily believe; and that, as Erasmus wrote before the council of Trent, several of the tenets apparently adopted by Erasmus, which that council condemned, were then merely opinions, which any Catholic might hold, without incurring the crime of heresy. This certainly is placing the defence of Erasmus in the most favourable point of view; and surely Erasmus is entitled to every advantage which it affords him. All lovers of learning must ever wish to find Erasmus in the right; and, when he is not quite in the right, to find him very excusable.

"Be to his faults a little blind;

Be to his virtues very kind."—PRIOR.

Is the language of good sense, and even of Christianity, as much as of poetry.'

It is to be remarked, that the 'Colloquies' did not precede the Reformation; but the above observations, if just, apply to many of his former writings. Those who look upon integrity and independence as the concomitants of knowledge, have paid but little attention to the lives of the learned; and Erasmus, like too many others, has left behind memorials enough to show that his own interest, and not the advancement of truth, was the great object of his life. When Luther appeared he endeavoured to flatter both parties, and consequently secured the friendship of neither. If he were sincere in his praise of this reformer, he died a hypocrite; for he subsequently reproached himself for the countenance he had given him; and, on the other hand, if he believed in all the crimes which he attributed to the Church of Rome, he was a coward to have adhered to her discipline. The

truth is, Erasmus's unsettled mode of life seems to have affected the integrity of his mind; and, without going so far as Luther, who accused him of infidelity, we may conclude that he was totally independent of any fixed religious opinions. In one of his letters he betrays his genuine character, by confessing that he had no inclination to die for the truth; and then adds, 'Every man has not the courage requisite to make a martyr; and I am afraid that, if I were put to the trial, I should imitate St. Peter.' At length circumstances decided him on giving partial aid to the Catholics. He wrote against Luther on *Free Will*;^{*} but as this was an interminable theme, he seems to have received but little thanks; and, as his works are far from being orthodox, they serve as a literary arsenal, even to the present day, for all theological combatants who want arms to condemn or defend the Reformation. It is but justice to add, that Erasmus repeatedly disclaimed in his works every opinion contrary to the faith or doctrine of the Catholic Church, and numbered among his patrons each successive Pope, while all the Catholic kings of Europe solicited him to reside in their dominions.

Whatever were the merits or demerits of the Reformation, in a religious point of view, it freed Europe from the pedantry of the schools; though it must be admitted it sadly interrupted the progress of the arts. As the strength of each party consisted in numbers, the learned were obliged, for the first time, to appeal to the people. Until this event, all their works were written in bad Latin, which continued to be the vehicle of theology even in Italy, where Dante and Tasso had developed the beauties and advantages of a modern language. This practice, though certainly advantageous to scholars themselves, inasmuch as Latin was

* It is somewhat remarkable that Milton held the Catholic doctrine of free will, in opposition to the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, which maintained the total inefficacy of the human mind to all good purposes.

'Freely they stood, who stood, and fell, who fell;
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love?
Where only *what they needs must do* appeared,
Not *what they would*, what praise could they receive?'—*Paradise Lost*.

an universal language, was any thing but useful to the public. It kept the bulk of mankind in comparative ignorance, perpetuated the nonsense of the schoolmen, and impressed the vulgar with a mistaken reverence for those acquainted with a dead language. At length the veil was withdrawn—the reformers published works in the German and other modern languages—the Catholic divines were compelled to follow their example—and thus pedantry was subverted. For a time it endeavoured to maintain its ascendancy; but, as the vulgar tongue was strengthened by exercise, the Latin gave way, and ultimately every man who could read his vernacular language had access to the fountains of knowledge. To this circumstance is to be attributed the obscurity into which the works of Erasmus have fallen, for they were all composed in Latin; and, much as he had travelled, he was ignorant of all the living languages, with the exception of Dutch. Some of his writings, particularly his *Colloquies*, were long made use of in schools; but the modern reader, contrary to Mr. Butler's opinion, will find it difficult to discover in them much to admire.

In 1528, Erasmus published a learned treatise on the pronunciation of the Greek and Latin; and soon after '*The Ciceronianus*,' a satire on a sect who rejected every word not made use of by Cicero. In consequence of the establishment of the Protestant religion at Basle he re-

moved to Fribourgh, and soon after attended as counsellor of the emperor at the diet of Augsburg, where the Catholics and Protestants had nearly come to an accommodation. Honours now thickened upon him. While at Basle, superintending the publication of one of his works, Paul III. succeeded Clement VII. Erasmus addressed to his holiness a letter of congratulation, and received a most gratifying answer, appointing him to the provostship of Dauter. It was not intended that the pope's munificence should stop here, as he purposed to raise Erasmus to the dignity of cardinal; but death terminated the bounty of the one and the hopes of the other. Erasmus died at Basle on the night of the 11th or 12th of July, 1536, and was interred with great honours. Few men ever possessed more admirers; yet, if his claims are critically examined, it will be found that, like Swift, he owes more to the boldness with which he expressed his opinions than either to their worth or originality. Besides, the learned in this age praised each other in hyperboles.

Such are the brief particulars of the life of Erasmus; and few subjects, when taken in conjunction with the period in which he lived, afford more room for philosophical investigation. The limits of a literary periodical, however, are ill adapted for such inquiries; and we hope ere long that some one will accomplish what Mr. Butler has evidently left undone.

RAYMOND; A FRAGMENT.

By Thomas Furlong.

[Toome, the scene of the following sketch, lies near Vinegar Hill: with the old mansion, which is still standing, there are many romantic traditions connected.]

BEAUTEOUS, and gay, and cheering, didst thou seem,
 Old Toome, when on thy walls the sun's first light
 Fell tremblingly, as though that quivering beam
 Had sought to hoard its joy-engendering power
 For some lone haunt less happy or less bright.
 In that calm, noiseless, spirit-soothing hour,
 Thy flowery fields came on the wanderer's eye
 In all the dawn's green freshness; and the stream
 That slowly murmurs through thy depth of shade
 Appeared to him, who then did linger nigh,
 (Marking the mellow music that it made,)
 To move along in mirth, as if some share
 It bore, even in the joy that rose around it there.

And joy and hope rose round it as a spell—
 And in that hour, along its pebbly side,
 Slowly and silently was seen to glide
 The lovely and beloved Isabel.
 She, of that proud old house the fairest flower—
 She, of her young compeers the life, the grace—
 She, the bewitching one, whose richest dower
 Dwelt in the softening features of that face,
 Bright with the deep expression of a mind
 Kindly, and yet reserved; and firm, although refined.

Sweetly upon that maiden's eye arose
 The morn, in its mild garb of misty grey—
 Lovely she deemed the sun's first struggling ray,
 It ushered in that maiden's wedding-day.
 And when the full young heart dilates in joy,
 Each hue or shape that comes upon the eye,
 When gazed upon in stillness, doth disclose
 Some nameless charm, unmarked, unfelt, by those
 Who own of the calm pulse a gentler play.

She met young Raymond by the streamlet's side—
 She bore his look—had heard his harsh farewell;
 He loved, had loved her long, and her warm eye
 Still turned on him in friendliness and peace;
 As if beneath its magic ray she sought
 To lull the pangs that in his bosom wrought—
 The pangs of slighted worth and wounded pride.
 Fond girl! to think that such could thus subside,
 To deem that one gay passionless glance could quell
 What burned unchanged, unchecked, unquenchable—
 What rose with life, and but with life could cease!
 Ill judged she of that spirit, young and high:
 She, from her birth reared with him, should have known
 That it was not the cold or casual glance
 Of pity, nor the soft word dropped by chance,
 That thus in one short hour could bid him part,
 Unmurmuringly, that chosen hand and heart
 That he, in happier times, had fondly deemed his own.

Ay! his, he once had deemed her hand and heart;
 And bliss and hope did dawn upon him then.
 She was the world to him; and every part
 Of earth and sky, of nature and of art,
 Did but reflect thy image, Isabel!
 Nor slighted she the youth who loved so well,
 The youth of all beloved;—for tongue and pen
 Of scribe and follower did delight to dwell
 Upon his worth;—and, from a race of men
 Of whom the bard and scribe had much to tell,
 His name, his Norman name, the stripling drew,
 And these he copied; and, although but few
 Were the red fields he fought in, his fair claim
 To the young warrior's meed, the soldier's name,
 The oldest and the wisest leaders knew;
 And much his aid was prized, nor prized beyond its due.

He liked the lettered page, and many a rhyme
 He shaped, to celebrate the chosen name;
 And these the loved one read, and, in due time,
 Her words, all flattering, served to nurse that flame
 Which touched his soul, and preyed upon his frame.

She saw, she knew, he loved her ; and her heart
 Felt more than kindness for him—more than art,
 Or girlish pride, could shade ; until the night
 Of an old festival, before her sight
 Brought Wolseley's lofty form and showy mein—
 He that, to win, had only to be seen.
 She marked the stranger as he stood apart ;
 She met him—heard his flattery as it fell ;
 She joined him in the dance, his hand she took
 With hesitating tone and timid look ;
 And those who stood and viewed her as she past—
 Her cheek now pale, and now with red o'ercast—
 The workings of her heart discerned too well.

In sooth, that heart was won—that stranger's air,
 And words of honied softness, took the maid.
 She did not ask if worth and truth were there,
 Or if this gay exterior, which could win,
 Was the fair type of the fair mind within :
 Oh ! no—like others who have been betrayed,
 In a weak hour she clasped the empty shade,
 And thought it even the substance which she held.
 And oft the suitor came—oft did he call,
 Even by her brother's wish, to Toome's old hall,
 Received as a high guest of rank and pride ;
 And Isabel still smiled, and still, where'er
 The lover went, she lingered at his side—
 At times a listener, and at times a guide.
 And thoughts of Raymond in these hours would rise,
 And tinge her warm young cheek, and to her eyes
 Bring the big tear that might not be repelled,
 Though deep within her breast the new-born passion swelled.

And she was to be wed, and this fair day
 Was fixed for the espousal ; and the train
 Of friends and followers came in blithe array
 To see that sight of pleasure—one, perchance,
 Whose like they might not gaze upon again,
 And Raymond saw them group by group advance ;
 For still his steps did haunt the loved domain.
 He marked each laughing look, and bent the glance
 Of hatred on them, as he turned away :
 Stung thus to see that others could be gay,
 While he in sadness pined, and pined in vain.
 The meanest follower of that gathered throng,
 Who hummed on that clear morn his careless song,
 Reckless of raising mirth or giving pain,
 Seemed then to triumph o'er him, and to wrong
 The injured by new insult. Such the power
 Of trifles on the temper in that hour
 When reason falters, and the feverish brain
 Through passion's gloomy maze is wildly urged along !

* * * * *

THE WHITEBOY.

By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'

CHAPTER VII.

THORNDON had no sooner discovered his quondam friend in the solitary mourner, than he involuntarily shrunk behind the intervening wall; and, while considering the propriety of introducing himself at such an hour, and in such a place, to a man about whom he knew so little, the pig-doctor arose from the stone bench under the chimney, upon which he had been sitting, and walked in evident agitation along the apartment, which had once been a kitchen. 'Och! wurras true,' he ejaculated, 'little did I think this day seven years that the moon wud be shinin in upon the harth-stone, or that the could damp dew wud be fallen upon the flure; or that grass, ay, green grass! wud be growin where there was sport, and dancin, and playin! Oh! curp-on-duoul, isn't it enough to break a poor man's heart in his body, and drive 'im mad entirely? Och! the heavy black curse of me and mine fall upon him who brought this upon me fadher's house, and upon me poor childer! Sure an God will be revenged upon 'im, for he richly desaves it!'

He ceased to speak, but continued walking quite rapidly up and down the floor. The lieutenant was about discovering himself, when the pig-doctor, who was unconscious of any one being present, furiously drew his black thorn stick from under his left arm, approached the fire-place, and, after dropping it perpendicularly three or four times on the hearth-stone, he stamped his foot upon the ground, and exclaimed with great violence—'Hurra for Glenbeg, an the green fields about it!'^{*} Fadher, why don't you rise from your could grave, and revenge your son? Why don't you save 'im from the sogers an the buckeens, who hunt 'im from bush to bush an' from hill to hill, go

moc go mall,† Sunday and Monday? Och! God help me! I'm ravin—no wunder; and you, achorra, are far, far away from your darlin son! Oh! me heavy hatred light on you, Neagle, for all this! But, fadher, be not angry; I'll be revenged: never fear, I'll be revenged!' and he gave an hysterical laugh as he rushed towards the door, as if for the purpose of departing to fulfil his threat. His movement was so rapid, that Thorndon, who had been half petrified with amazement, was unable to quit his position until the pig-doctor knocked up against him. 'Treachery!' exclaimed the unfortunate man, as he recoiled back into the floor; and in an instant a holster pistol was presented at the supposed enemy.

'Hold!' cried the lieutenant, who was now somewhat apprehensive of danger. 'Don't you know me, my friend?'

'Friend!' repeated the pig-doctor, who still maintained his hostile position: 'alone or accompanied?'

'Alone and unarmed, 'pon my honour,' was the reply.

'That's enough; but who the devil are you at all, or what brought you here?'

'Mere curiosity, friend: but surely you haven't forgotten the person whose life you have recently saved?'

'Musha! blud-an-ounze, captin, aroon, is it yourself that's here at this hour o'night?'

'So you see, friend.'

'Arrah! there's for us now, when I thought you was throwin a sheep's eye at the young leddie above in the big house yonder.'

Thorndon blushed, and the pig-doctor continued—'Troth, captin, a-vich, I thought no liven sinner, barren myself, wud be boddhered comin to see these ould rotten walls. Och! they're bare an comfortless luckin, God knows; but they weren't

^{*} The ancient war cry of the Irish was remarkable, and it would seem as if a practice somewhat like it continued yet among the peasantry. During the late rebellion they always commenced their attack with a hostile cry; and at present the cry of petty factions in Munster is either their respective names, or the places they live in. Thus, 'Bally—' (naming the town), and the blue sky over it! is at once chivalrous and effective.

† Early and late.

always so. Faith, an it was in Dan Macarthy's bawn that good cows were milked, an good pigs kilt; an it was on his flure that there was full an plenty—lashens gulhore—of every thing; while the house looked as cozy as a coursnoge,* and as snug as a bee-hive. But what is it now? Black an dishmal—a place for shee-oges an thigas,† an rats an wezels, an'— His utterance here became choked, and he raised his hand to brush off an intrusive tear.

'You are unhappy, friend?'

'Unhappy! Thonomon duoul, what is it to be unhappy? Had you ever a fadher of your own? Had you ever an ould mudher? Had you ever a wife you loved, or childer you doated down on? or a home where the blessin of God was on't? Had you all these, and did you see that poor ould fadher, in his grey hairs, dragged to gaol, an tried an transported, an murdered? Did you see your wife an childer, and the mudher that bore you, turned out 'pon the high road, afther bein robbed an cheated, an kilt with wrongs? An did you see the house you were borned in—the house where you were nursed, an sucked, an cradelled, an rocked in—burnt to the ground? Did you see all this wid your own two lucken eyes? If not, astore, ha! ha! ha! talk not about unhappiness!'

Thorndon saw he had touched upon a chord which vibrated through the heart of this mysterious personage; and with a very natural, if not a very laudable curiosity, he determined to probe his wounds yet deeper. The pig-doctor was evidently a child of Misfortune; and, though in the garb of poverty, his feelings were somewhat refined, and his language occasionally more eloquent and more impassioned than is generally found in those in that rank of life to which he apparently belonged. It was also evident that he was a man accustomed to depend upon his own resources on occasions of emergency; for the sudden transition he made on encountering Thorndon, from the extremest anger to an easy colloquial manner, betrayed his facility of address, even had not the lieutenant

previous proofs of it. None but one habitually in the practice of disciplining his thoughts, and regulating his tone and manner agreeably to circumstances, could control his feelings with so much apparent ease.

Hitherto the lieutenant had considered him to be what he represented himself; but the sudden exclamation of 'Treachery!' and the instantaneous production of the pistol, awakened suspicions confirmatory of Tim Duff's opinion. The soliloquy at the fire-place, too, was precisely such as might be uttered by an outlaw like Aodh Dhu;‡ who, unwilling to remember his own misconduct, would very naturally attribute his misfortunes to his enemies. His summoning of the dead to his assistance was also characteristic, while it bespoke a mind more than ordinarily poetical and vehement, and such as was peculiarly calculated to form a rude leader of a ruder host, which was to be governed, in the absence of law and discipline, by the undefined ascendancy of its chieftain. From all this, Thorndon concluded that if the pig-doctor were not Black Hugh, he must at least be some one of consequence among the White-boys. Still he felt no sort of apprehension in his presence; he had met him under other circumstances, and with other feelings; and the good opinions he had then formed of him, though now sadly shaken, were yet sufficient to prevent any alarm of a personal nature.

'You enumerate,' said Thorndon, stepping out after the pig-doctor, who had now got into the bawn, 'a catalogue of evils which happily fall to the lot of few. Surely they have not fell on you?'

'Nay be they have,' was the unsatisfactory reply, as he moved onward, apparently wishing to get rid of the lieutenant.

'And this place once belonged to you?' said Thorndon.

To this fishing question he only replied—

'Nay be it did, an nay be it didn't,' in a way which clearly showed that the speaker was apprehensive of having confessed too much in a heed-

* Probably *cuosog*—a bee's nest.

† Fairies and ghosts.

‡ This should be written *Aodh Dubh*; it is, however, generally pronounced *Aodh Dhu*.

less moment. Thorndon, however, followed up his question.

'Pardon me,' said he, 'it is not idle curiosity which prompts me. You have rendered me a most essential service, and I wish to convince you of my gratitude. This is my only motive for desiring to ascertain whether you be the unfortunate man whose misery you have so well described.'

'Troth, an you have, captin, a-vich, won your way, somehow or another, into me heart; an if you be in earnest, follow me—if not, why wheel about on your heel, an no harm dun. Honour is the word. I'll make a child's bargain wid you—let me alone, and I'll let you alone; but if you wish to know who an what I am, just walk down the fields wid me a bit; the night's young, an I'll show you a short cut home.'

Thorndon did not hesitate to accompany him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thorndon and his mysterious guide continued walking across fields and ditches for about three quarters of an hour, without exchanging a single word. At length the lieutenant, who was not entirely free from apprehension, inquired if they had much farther to go. 'Only a little bit' was the reply; and he could obtain no other answer during the next half hour, though he several times questioned his companion. In the mean time they had reached the borders of an extended and gloomy-looking bog; and, judging from the direction of the pathway, as well as it could be discerned by moonlight, it seemed the intention of the pig-doctor to cross this Siberian desert. The lieutenant, whose fears had been rapidly gaining on him, here came to a full stop, and refused to proceed further without some explanation. 'Troth, an captin, I've no explanation to give you,' said the guide; 'an if you aren't for cumin wid me to the bosheen* yonder, why, go home, an God love you, a-vich! No harm dun in the wide world; and, though you may think bad o' me, faith I wudn't stand by an see a livin sinner layin a little finger on you, let alone doen it myself. Och! be the powers, Aodh Dhu is'—

'Aodh Dhu!' exclaimed the lieutenant. 'Good God! are you Aodh Dhu?'

'Troth I am, captin, hunny, an no-body else,' replied the other; 'an where's the mighty great harm in that?'

Thorndon stood amazed: all the reports of this man's sanguinary disposition and treachery now rushed upon his imagination with fearful alacrity, and already he looked upon himself as artfully inveigled into the power of a desperate outlaw, for whose apprehension large rewards had been offered, and in the endeavour to apprehend whom he had spent the last three months. His extraordinary companion, as if reading what was then passing in the mind of the lieutenant, proceeded, after a short pause—

'An haven't Aodh Dhu a sowl to be saved as well as another, why? an haven't Aodh Dhu hands, arms, and legs, like another Christhan creathure? An haven't Aodh Dhu some little spark of honour as well as his betthers? Troth, captin,' he continued, slapping Thorndon familiarly on the shoulder, 'you needn't be frightened at Aodh Dhu; he wouldn't harm a dog belongin to you; and, were he so inclined, it isn't here, when you are alone by yourself, that he wud do't. Och! no; did he owe you the least spite in the world, he'd have let Jemmy Corcoran skiver you wid his pitchfork.'

'True! true!' cried the lieutenant, starting as if from a reverie, 'you are right. Excuse my unworthy suspicions; but I had heard so much of Aodh Dhu that my fears overcame my gratitude.'

'To be sure they did, captin, agra,' replied Black Hugh, quite satisfied with this explanation; 'an I'll engage you've been tould at Neaglebawn by the rich spolpeens that I was a great big blaggard why—a terrible Whiteboy—and may be a murderer to boot. Well, no matter for that, captin. They're sayin so won't make me bad, at any rate; an though nay be I'm not half as good as I ought to be, faith there's worse men in Tipperary than Aodh

* Little road.

Dhu. An if I've been a Whiteboy uself, hadn't I a reson? Och! thonomon duoul, 'tis myself that had; an if you, captin, just step a little bit down the bosheen wid me, I'll show you resons enough, God knows.'

Thorndon, who now readily believed that his companion had been 'a man more sinned against than sinning,' instantly complied with the invitation, and a smart walk of about fifteen minutes, along a narrow road which ran parallel with the bog, brought them in front of a strange habitation. It was merely a temporary shed, formed by some rude sticks having been laid obliquely against the ditch, and covered over with scraws and straw, and faggots. The aperture in the end served all the purposes of a door and chimney; and the green furze which were burning within sent forth columns of smoke, which looked blue and dismal in the pale moonlight. A little dog hailed their approach; and, in a moment, three or four children ran out of the shed. They instantly recognised their unfortunate father; but on seeing him in company with a stranger—and that stranger in the dress of a gentleman—they hastily withdrew into the interior of their miserable wigwam.

'Don't be frightened, childer aroon,' said Black Hugh, as he entered. 'I've brought his honour, Captin Thorndon, to see what kind of a pig-sty a poor hunted Whiteboy is forced to live in.'

The lieutenant's name had been no sooner pronounced, than a thin pale female, evidently in the last stage of a consumption, arose from her seat, and presented it to the stranger. The extent of her politeness was apparent, for the shed could not furnish any other piece of furniture of this description, unless a few large stones might be called such. Thorndon begged that she would resume her seat, as she had a child at her breast; and at the same time he familiarly placed himself on a stone opposite to her, and next to an old woman who was fondling a little one

on her lap. The smoke, which formed a suspended canopy over his head, had long since impaired the health and countenances of the inmates. The elder female had fine intelligent features, and, though the dusky hue of her skin detracted much from their appearance, a single glance convinced the lieutenant that he saw in her the mother of the outlaw. The younger woman was still handsome, and she blushed with the consciousness of one who was entitled to better fortune while she apologized for the absence of all which could give a stranger welcome.

'Never mind, a colleen,' said her husband; 'the captin is none o' your spolpeens, who'd expect to take a glove off a naked hand. Poor people must have a poor weddin. But isn't there the least mite in the world in the bottle?'

'I blieve there is,' replied his wife; and she arose, walked over to a corner of the shed, and, after rummaging some time, produced a bottle of spirits. 'We've no glass, captin,' said the outlaw, 'but still good liquor is good, as the sayen is, though drank out of an egg-shell. But we haven't an egg-shell neither, so we must drink out of a porringer.' And with that he poured out somewhat less than half a pint, and swallowed it at one effort; after which he replenished the cup, and presented it to his guest. Thorndon declined.

'The least teast* in life, captin; 'twill do you all the good in the world. If you don't, I'll say you don't like me. 'Tis real potheen; none o' your parlament stuff that comes from town.'

The lieutenant, unwilling to refuse a potation so powerfully recommended, raised the cup to his lips, and affected to drink. This he was obliged to do more than once before his host would be satisfied that he had taken a sufficient quantity. 'It is the only comfortor,' said the outlaw, 'beside the colleen and the childer, which misfortune has left me, an sure its no wunder I stick to both.'

'There is nothing surprising in that,' said Thorndon; 'and I'm sorry

* This word is erroneously supposed to be the same as the English verb *taste*—to try; and Paddy has been ridiculed for the use of it: but the fact is, it is purely Irish, and very properly used. It signifies a *small drop*, and is written *teiste*.

to find that, to all appearance, the world has dealt hardly by you.'

'Och! captin, a-vich, you may say that, but if you knew it all'—

'Then why not let me know it all; and, if it falls within my very limited power, depend upon my willingness to serve you.'

'Musha! then,' replied the outlaw, looking steadfastly at Thorndon, 'you've just said it: you can sarve a friend o' mine, an that's the same thing. An so you'ven't heard all about Aodh Dhu?'

'I have heard nothing of his private history,' said the lieutenant.

'Then you shall hear it all, an a long an a sorrowful story it is.'

CHAPTER IX.

After a pause, the outlaw proceeded—

'Do you see that poor ould woman there in the corner? That's my mudher; an poor an comfortless as she now looks, she was once gay an sprightly, an nursed the Honourable Miss Gore—that is, Mrs. Neagle that was—my own fosther-sister, Lord rest her sowl! though she was a Prodesan. But that's no matther. Well, when she married Major Neagle, she remimbers my mudher and my fadher, and sets 'em both down in a nate farm near herself in Glenbeg, where you an I was to-night among the ould blake walls. Long an prosperous we lived there, an no people in the whole barony throve betther nor we, bekase we were at it late an early, an minded nothin but our own business. Not that I say it, or have it to say, that was the only boy my poor fadher had—Lord be good an marciful to his sowl in glory! though nay be he isn't dead yet. Don't be sighin an cryin, mudher, aghud; it can't be helped.'

'Och! 'tis you were the good boy, Hugh agra, sure enough,' said the old woman, as she raised the corner of her sooty-looking apron to her eyes.

'Well, no matther for that, mudher,' proceeded the outlaw; 'but, as I was sayin, work was a pleasure to me. At a hurlen or a cathur cloth,* there wasn't a boy in the seven parishes cud cum up to me; and my fadher never stinted me,

like other fadhers, but allowed me plinty of munny in my pocket, an a horse to ride on to fair or market; an though 'tis myself that ses it, troth I took the shine out o' some o' them.

'The times, too, were then good, an we made munny like hops. My fadher had shoals of't, only he lent every hapenny he could rap an ran to the landlord, who was barrowin and borrowin every farthin he had by 'im. My fosther-sister, Mrs. Neagle, poor sowl! was then dead; but the major wasn't bad all out to us. An why shud he, seein that he was no loser? for, though a good warraut to borrow, the devil a worse pay in the five counties. An, faith, well I know that; for, though he owes us to the matther of three or four cool hundred, curse on the cross of his munny ever met our sight. Bad luck to 'im every day he gets out o' bed, the murdherin villain!

'All this went on very well. The landlord was extravagant, an always in debt; an how could we refuse to lend him the penny we made under 'im? There were hopes of his one day payin us; an, if he didn't, why all our hurt an harm go wid it. Egad, at last my fadher took my poor modher's advice—oh! I wish he had taken it sooner!—an sed he had no more money, barren what paid his rent, an this was always taken aforehand; but tinker's pay is bad pay, an so it turned out at the long run.

'Molly there, captin, is a poor *maight* of a thing to-day; but, fakes, widout boasten at all at all, she was a clean decent girl when I first saw her. Don't be cryin there, Molly agra; 'tis now no manner of use, for what is to be will be; an we were ordained, praise be to God! for hardship. Molly liked me, captin dear, an I liked Molly; an, as she had a snug penny to her share, we were married sure enough, an had a dashin fine weddin of our own. The very next day who shud call but Mr. Neagle? an you may be sure he was axed into the parlour, an treated to the best; an a good warraut he was at swiggin off a tumbler of whiskey an wather.† "I wish you joy, Brien,"

* Throwing the stone.

† This may appear extraordinary to an English reader, as it is generally supposed

ses he. "Thank you, sur," ses t'other. "Hugh" (that was his very word) "has made a good match of it," ses he. "Pretty well," ses t'other; "he has married a decent fadher an mudher's child, an that's every thing." "No, not every thing, Brien," ses he; "there was a little bit o' munny in the way." "Nan," ses t'other, not willin to understand 'im. "I mane," ses the landlord, "Hugh has got a forthune." "Och! nothin hardly at all," ses my fadher, 'kase he knew he wanted to pick out of 'im. "A hundred pound?" ses Mr. Neagle. "Och! no, sur," ses t'other, "nor the half of it." "Oh! nonsense, Brien," ses Mr. Neagle, "you may as well tell the truth, for I know all about it. You've got a hundred yellow-boys, an I just want to borrow 'em of you: you know they'll be safe wid me, an I'll pay you all together." My poor fadher was here knocked into a doldrum, and didn't know well what to do. At length, as luck wud have it, he plucked up courage, an sed he wudn't lend any more. "An you won't?" ses the major, standen up: "mind that, Brien, they're the worst words for you ever you spoke." An sure enough they were; for, faith, we were made to sup sorrow for 'em.

'At that time, as well as now, captin, the Whiteboys, God help 'em! were goin on wid their ganty hops, an lawyers were sent down in droves to try the Caravats an Shana-vats, or whatever they were called; an we were all ordered to keep widin doors afther sun-set. One evenin, as we were all sittin about the *greeshough*,* the house was surrounded by sogers, who came to sarch for arms. We laughed in our sleeve, thinkin 'twas all a mistake; but, faith, we were out in our reckonin, for sure enough they found in the tatch, outside an inside, papers of powdher, an bullets, an ould swords, an pike-heads. How they came there God only knows; for troth I don't.

As bad luck wud have it, my fadher was out looken afther a ewe that had just yeaned. The sogers axed for 'im, an we tould 'em all about 'im; an so they went an found 'im, an instead of lettin 'im come home to his own warm bed, they hawked 'im off to prison. Don't be cryin, modher aroon; though faith I can't help it myself.'

Here he let fall a few filial drops from his eyes; and, after he had dried them up with the back of his bony hand, he proceeded—"That was only the beginnin of our misfortunes; for next day but one he was brought to trial; an though he was as innocent as the child unborn, and had lawyers to defend 'im to boot, he was *cast*. I dunna how it was, captin, but Major Neagle was at the bottom of it all; an in less than seven days my poor ould fadher was sent off wid others to Cork, to be transported to Botamy Bay. Warrus true, that was the sorrowful day, captin hunny, an the first that ever brought shame upon a Macarthy; though 'twas no shame, neather, seein he was as innocent as I am. Och! musha, thunder-an-ounze, ent I a son of a whore not to have revenged 'im for all that day's hardship? But no matter for that. Every ha'penny we could beg or borrow was spent in providin for my poor fadher, for we were tould munny cud buy him off, when he'd reach Botamy Bay. But Botamy Bay he never reached alive: he died, Heaven be his bed! on the passage, if Major Neagle tould truth, for he got a man to swear it; an, as my fadher's life was the only one in the lease, we were sarved wid a jectment, or somethin of that sort. I forgot to tell you that, afther my fadher's trial, we went to look for the landlord's notes and bonds, to make 'im smart for what he dun; for 'tis he did it all; but the not a one could we find high or low, an it seemed as if the ground had swallowed 'em. But it didn't neather, for Barney Roach, the ma-

in this country that the Irish peasantry are treated with great contempt by the aristocracy. This, however, is far from being generally the case; for, though the manners of the people may appear sycophantic and subservient, they know very well how to assume their proper independence. It frequently happens that the landlord is the debtor; and, even where he is not, familiarity, such as that noted in the text, is not uncommon.

* Hot ashes.

jor's right hand man, stole 'em as sure as a gun, when he was wid the sogers sarchen the house; an, God help us! we were in such a fright we didn't mind what he was doin.

'Well, as I was sayin, we were to be turned out of Glenbeg,* an hadn't a ha'penny, an couldn't recover a farthin from the major, as we had no shoven for the munny, an he denied it all as black as the ace o' spades. At length the sorrowful day came. The sheriff an his men threw every thing out three-na-helah; an as I looked upon 'em dashin every thing into the bawn, I thought my heart wud brake inside o' my body. The major himself cum up to me, an ses, "You rebellious blaggard," ses he, "why did you give me all this trouble?" I couldn't say one wurd, but, well become me, I up wid my fist, an gave 'im a boddher on the *soosawn*,† which stretched 'im. There he lay, as dead as Lazarus, for as good as a quarter of an hour; when he cum to 'imself, he called his men to take me. Then we had real hub-a-bub; but, egad, I got clear off. Next day a warrant was out afther me, an I was forced to hide myself here an there an every where. The sogers hunted me day afther day, an from that day to this I've kept clear of 'em.'

'But how do you support yourself and family?' inquired the lieutenant.

'Why, the ould neighbours are good to us,' replied the outlaw, 'an don't let us want for the bit o' pheaty or that; an we've lived here this six weeks past widout bein found out, an I am sure you wud be above given information.'

'Make yourself easy on that head,' said Thorndon; 'but, if the law has thus persecuted you, how do you carry on your profession of pig-doctor?'

This question provoked the mirth of the outlaw. 'Troth, I dun you nate, captin; an sure you wudn't be

angry at a Whiteboy gettin his neck out o' the halter, by pretindin to be a sow-gelder?'

'Then you're not a sow-gelder?'

'No, faith, I wish I was. That night I met you I was just callin the boys together—but that's not fit to mention here. I don't deny but I belong to the boys; but who made me become a Whiteboy? Be my sin on their heads; an let 'em that made me what I am answer for the crimes of Aodh Dhu; though, than God! I'm not yet as bad as they'd make blieve I am. There's somethin here yet, captin,' he continued, pointing to his breast, 'that won't let me do all I've swore to do; an what any one but myself wud do, were their case mine. Often an often have I prowled about Neaglebawn to shoot the ould rascal who owns it; but the moment I'd him covered, an when I'd nothin in the wide wurd to do but pull the bit o' trigger an 'twas all over wid 'im, I have cow'd, an said to myself, "Hugh Macarthy, don't become a murdhurer—don't disgrace your family or your childer. You'll meet 'im yet, when 'twill be no sin to shoot 'im: let the beast live till then." Besides, captin, I didn't like to lave the colleen fadhurless: for she is me own blood, seein that she's the daughtur of me poor foster-sister, Heaven rest her sowl! An so I'd cum away wid myself, widout doen the least harm to mortual sinner.'

'Then I trust,' said Thorndon, 'that treason (serious as is that offence) is your only crime; and that the report of your being a robber and a murderer'—

'Robber an murdhurer!' interrupted the outlaw, starting up from his seat, and flinging a little boy on the floor, 'who dares call me robber or murdherer? Thonomon duoul! let me see his face, an I'll make smiddereens of his bones! Curp-an-duoul! Robber an murdhurer! No,

* The case of Macarthy may appear extraordinary; but, alas! I fear it is not without a precedent. 'I have seen times,' said the late venerable Judge Fletcher, 'when persons, who, thinking the lives named in their tenants' leases were lasting too long, have, by the aid of such a law (the Insurrection Act), found means to recommend a trip across the Atlantic to the persons thus unreasonably attached to life; and thus achieved the downfall of a beneficial lease, and a comfortable rise of their income in consequence. Such things have occurred—I have known the fact.'

† Head.

captin, no: I've spilt blood, but 'twas in fair fight—I've thrashed fellows, but 'twas when they desarved it; but, as for robbery an murdhur, Hugh Macarthy is above it. Thonomon duoul! I've saved more lives than twenty buckeens are worth; but that's nothin to boast of.'

The indignation with which the outlaw repelled the charge of being more guilty than he really was confirmed Thorndon's previous idea of there being some redeeming qualities about him. 'You will excuse me,' said the lieutenant, 'for having, perhaps unguardedly, communicated a general report of the fact. I had no means of personal knowledge; but, I dare say, you have heard so before yourself.'

'Yes, yes,' returned the outlaw; 'but I don't mind these things comin from my enemies. Major Neagle wud hang me, I know, if he could; an so wud others; an you know that, captin.'

'Why, I confess,' answered the lieutenant, 'they have not a very good opinion of you: they attribute all this late disturbance to you, and of course consider it their duty'—

'Their duty, captin? Was it Major Neagle's duty to cheat, to rob, an transport, an innocent man?'

'Certainly not; but perhaps you wrong him.'

'Wrong 'im! No, captin; no. He is guilty, if there is a God in heaven;

an I pray goodness that he mayn't cross me path in an evil hour.'

'And why, my friend,' said Thorndon, 'continue in a course at once so dangerous, and so beset with temptation?'

'Tis easier sed than done,' replied Aodh Dhu. 'Where can I fly to? What can I do? I am poor an penniless. The laws and the gentry are me enemies; an I've a young an helpless family, widout a friend in the wide wurd, barren the poor neighbours, who give us a bit to keep the teeth goin.'

The case was certainly melancholy enough, and Thorndon felt it to be so. 'Perhaps,' said he, after a pause, 'it may be in my power to do something for you. Here, take this; its a mere trifle.'

'No, no, captin,' said the outlaw, as he turned away from the proffered purse, 'it wasn't for your munny that I axed you here—I don't want it; but may be you could do a good turn for a poor boy now in gaol? He is innocent of burnin Ned Murphy's haggart; an unless some gintleman speaks for 'im he will be hanged, I'm afeard; an I thought, captin, you could say somethin in his favour.'

Thorndon expressed his apprehensions of being unable to do any thing for the outlaw's imprisoned friend; and, as he stood up to depart, he slipped, *unseen*, the rejected purse into the hand of one of Aodh Dhu's children.

FAREWELL.

LADY, I've loved thee long and well,
And felt what few can feel or tell;
Oh! how, then, can I say farewell

For ever?

The youthful heart, of faithful mould,
Its love, I ween, hath ne'er controlled;
A look of scorn, or farewell cold,

Would break it.

'Tis sweet to scatter mirth and gladness,
And sweet to cheer the mourner's sadness;
But, oh! to sooth the lover's madness,

Sweeter far.

Then wring not, wring not this sad heart,
Wake not despair's delirious smart,
Nor urge again that we must part

For ever.

'Twill sooth to gaze on that sweet face,
Where Fancy oft may dare to trace
A transient flush of tenderer grace

And feeling.

W.

FIRST OF APRIL.

I AM one of those who do nothing but laugh; but, as if the world were incapable of supplying food enough for mirth, I sometimes endeavour to make my townsmen even more ridiculous than they really are. On All Fools' Day next I intend to lay in a stock of risibility for the next twelve months; but, not to anticipate, I shall just tell you what I did on this anniversary of folly not a thousand years since. Just copy it from my diary.

Eight o'Clock in the Morning.—Popped out of bed, and popped into my breeches: no difficult matter that, for my tailor (not Davy M'Cleary) had given me cloth enough—a petticoat for each leg! Looked out at the sky; glad to see it look blue. Heard a fish-woman pass, and called out 'Soles!' My landlord's shop-boy, who was taking down the shutters, laughed: the virago didn't like that. 'May be you want a *place*?' says she, and popped one into his teeth: laughed at that. Bryan Bligh, the grocer, came to his door. A thought struck me—a good one; laughed at the idea.

Quarter past Eight.—Walked down stairs; met Betty in the passage; said her mistress was calling her. Laughed to see her run up stairs; got her a scolding. 'Will you *take* your breakfast, sir?' says she, when she came down. 'No; but you'll *bring* it me.' Laughed at my own wit. Sent for the morning papers; laughed to see the advertisement which I inserted in the 'Freeman,' announcing a race round Stephen's Green, at one o'clock, between two velocipedes. Sat down, and answered all the advertisements. Sent those who wanted to borrow money to Abbott, the shoemaker, on Ormond Quay; ordered all the servants who wanted situations to call on Myles Staunton, in Mountjoy Square; and directed the shop-boys to attend Paddy Beaghan, in High Street. Laughed immoderately, in anticipation of all the fools I should make.

Half past Eight.—Wrote orders in a feigned hand to three score tradesmen, and signed 'Myles Staunton' to them all: laughed to think what a rage the 'captain' would be in.—

N.B. He is not an Epictetus, though he had his leg broken. Directed my landlord—a mercer, by the way—to carry some patterns immediately to Eliza. Laughed at the fool as he walked out with his parcel under his arm. Told his wife when she came down; hinted something about a kept mistress—made her a victim to the blue-eyed monster; charged her to be secret. Told her, after much persecution, the number of the house; and laughed at seeing her follow the husband. Didn't know how Eliza might like it.

Nine o'Clock.—Sallied out before my landlord could return. Passing Chartres's, stepped in; several *Quidnuncs* there. Put on a long face, and told them of two insults offered to loyal Protestantism on the preceding Sunday morning. Asked what they were. Replied that a *Bushe* was stuck in the pulpit of St. George's Church, and a *Fea* in that of St. Thomas's. They didn't relish my wit; dull fellows. Laughed as I left the shop. Passing the Rotunda, stopped a boy; gave him tenpence to carry a note to Jameson's, ordering one hundred and fifty gallons of *private* to be sent at two o'clock to Brien Bligh. Walking down Sackville Street, knocked at No. 48; saw George Connor in his office. Put on a doleful countenance. Asked him if he had heard from Brazil that morning. Was answered No; and asked my reason for inquiring. Wondered he hadn't heard of Mr. Brassington's accident, and how his life was despaired of. Laughed in my sleeve, while George was ready to cry; and, as he ordered the horse to be put to the gig, I slipped out opportunely as a visitor slipped in. N.B. In the street I could scarcely contain myself. At the new post-office saw the *little* Catholic counsellor pass in a tandem. Was asked who he was? '*Shiel-in-a-gig*,' I replied. Laughed immoderately.

Half past Nine.—Passing down Henry Street, stopped opposite a confectioner's window, and pinned a lady's gown to a gentleman's surtout: low trick this. Was charged with it, and got a punch of an umbrella.

Looked big, and blustered; but the boys all laughed at me. Affected to think nothing about it, but *felt* it severely.—N.B. Determined to leave such tricks to common people in future.

Met Ned Hay stepping out of his lodgings. Asked did he hear the news. 'What news?' 'O'Connell having turned General, and taken *umbrage*.' 'Ay,' said Ned, 'at the appearance of his own letter in the "Post."'
Ned laughed; so did I. Invited the ex-secretary to dine with me at two o'clock; and then sent word to Betty that I would not dine at home. Laughed at having made a fool of poor Ned.

Ten o'Clock.—Popped into my grocer's, at the corner of Liffey Street; ordered half a pound of tea. Asked Redmond (Redmond laughs at every thing) if he had any money in Ball's. Saw him change colour; said the bank had suspended payment. He ran down Henry Street in a fright, and I turned to the left, holding both my sides. Met the Rev. Mr. Glyn at the chapel gate. Asked him if he had seen his brother. 'Is he in town?' 'Lord, yes! I saw him in Britain Street not an hour ago'—meaning a brother-clergyman. He quitted me in great haste, and I laughed at having made a fool of a priest.

Half past Ten.—Sat down at Taffe's, in Capel Street; wondered they had not heard of the recent accident—the fall of Nelson's Pillar. Ten men killed, and the Post-office defaced by the statue having fallen through the roof. Laughed on hearing Mrs. Taffe relate this, with additions, to each successive customer. Shook hands with Major Sirr, in Parliament Street; had cause to know the major of old. Talked about loyalty and treason; offered to take him to one house where there were a hundred new *guns*, and another where there were three new *mortars*. An old bird not to be caught with chaff—taken in that way before; no toy and 'pothecary shops for him. Hinted at Government ingratitude; and illustrated this fact by alluding to the Head Police Office, where the *major* was still the *minor*. Glad to have a laugh at him.

Eleven o'Clock.—Entered the Commercial Coffee House, and said, as I entered, 'Alarming fire this!' 'What fire?' 'The Royal Exchange and the Upper Castle Yard.' Laughed to see them run to the door: held down my head when they returned. Pretended not to hear them damning me for a fool. Called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a long letter to Sir William Stamer; assured him that the enemy was within the *barriers*; and, that by looking into the *Freeman*, he would find that the Ribbonmen had hit upon a scheme for assembling, without creating suspicion, at one o'clock, in Stephen's Green. Gave a boy fivepence to drop the letter at Sir William's, in Dawson Street.

Twelve o'Clock.—Passing up Grafton Street, saw Millekin's sixteen daughters playing on the balcony. Ran into the shop in a great hurry, and declared that one of the children's feet had got fastened in the railing. Laughed to see the bibliopole run up stairs with paternal anxiety, and quit the shop in a risible agony. N.B. Take care of Millekin; and always walk on the Nassau side of the street.

Half past Twelve.—Found ten thousand people assembled in Stephen's Green. Laughed at the success of my hoax. Was glad to find Sir William Stamer a fool. The horse police rushed in among the people: received the blow of a sabre on my hat—no laughing matter—and so endeavoured to get out of the crowd. The mob shouted; and a horse run away with a jaunting-car. Two ladies thrown on the pavement; one of them had her arm broke, and the other her leg—a bad business that. Didn't think so well of my hoax now, and so left the Green.

One o'Clock.—Stepped into the Library, and encountered George Connor: he looked savagely, and talked about pulling my nose. My nose big enough already, and so didn't want to be pulled. Tried to laugh, but couldn't. Sat down behind the 'Courier'; blushed confoundedly; and, by-and-by, sneaked out of the Library.

Half past One.—Met the Ex-Catholic Secretary in Capel Street—devilish unlucky that—his clothes much

worn. Had my joke, nevertheless. Asked Ned if he were not making *Hay* while the sun shined? Laughed: he laughed with me; so we dined together at the Ormond Tavern. Cost me sixteen shillings and a *fund* of patience; for I had to listen to the reading of three hundred and forty-nine private letters, written by Lord this, and Mr. that, twenty years ago. N.B. Ned's pockets are like the portfolio of an unsuccessful author, always filled with unavailable manuscripts.

Two o'Clock.—Called on Eliza—was denied admittance. No joke that. Sorry for having sent Mr. and Mrs. Bombasin to her. N.B. She was heiress to a *cool* three thousand; and we were to have been married in three weeks.

Quarter past Two.—Arrived at my lodgings; beset by landlord and lady. Escaped up stairs, in no humour for laughing. Looked out of my window: saw twelve or thirteen smugglers with a ten-gallon cask, in a *cleave*, on each of their backs. The kegs appeared to be much fuller of *spirits* than those who carried them; for they looked about them very suspiciously. They get into Bligh's shop;—great bustle prevails. The grocer seems at a loss how to act. Saved the trouble of

thinking about it. Wilson, the exciseman, comes up—a scuffle ensues. A reinforcement of guagers. The caption made good. Bligh threatened with a fine—a very bad business that. N.B. Never acknowledge this for a *hoax*.

Half past Two.—A knock at the door; Betty enters, and hands me a letter. The superscription by far too mechanically written. It was from Messrs. Ball and Co. solicitors, stating that they had instructions to proceed against me for having been the author of a malicious report. Couldn't laugh at this. My spirits below Zero.

Quarter to Three.—Heard a loud knocking at my door, and a rough voice inquiring if I were at home. Met Betty on the stairs; directed her to say 'No.' Looked out of my window, and saw Myles Staunton departing with a *club* under his arm. Blessed my stars for a lucky escape, and sent Pat for a chaise.

Three o'Clock.—Directed the coachman to proceed to Bray. N.B. Intend to stop at Mr. Quin's for three weeks. Better leave men to make themselves ridiculous. Laughter, like cucumbers, is the worse for having been forced.

Probably you may hear from me again.
HERACLITES.

NEGLECTED IRISH MELODIES.—NO. IV.

'The Emigrant's Song.'—AIR—'The Deserter's Lament.'

THIS vale is beautiful as those my earliest childhood knew;
The sky that brightens o'er my head as brilliant and as blue;
The enchanting scenery around recalls the happy hours
My task was wandering 'mid the fields to cull the wildest flowers.

And woman's eyes as brightly shine, her smiles as fondly beam,
As those in which I looked and read—love was not all a dream;
The cheeks are beautiful as those it once was heaven to see,
And the lips would still breathe warm of love, and hope, and ecstasy.

And gaily shines the summer's sun as when, in home's fond shade,
My hopes dwelt in the palaces that fairy Fancy made;
Yes—that sun shines brightly on the mountain summits crowned
With everlasting snow, and gilds each glassy lake around.

Within the bosom of each lake sleep infant isles as fair

As in mine own beloved land, as exquisitely rare;—

But say where are the friends who made each charm of Nature dear?

Amid those scenes of bliss I weep, because they are not near.

Yet would I rather weep within this free and foreign land,

Would rather that my bones should bleach upon its wildest strand,

No friendly eye to weep a tear, no prayer breathed on my grave,

Than in my home of childhood live, a tyrant or a slave.

Dublin.

M. R. N.

MEMOIR OF LORD HOLLAND.

THE Right Hon. Henry Richard Fox, Lord Holland, was born on the 13th of November, 1773. His father, the late Stephen Lord Holland, having died while his son was yet a child, the family property, never very large, had considerably improved by the arrears during the minority of the present noble lord. He was educated at Eton; and completed his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1792. To recruit his health, which at this period was not very good, he spent some years in making a continental tour; during which he visited Spain, where he acquired a fondness for the literature of that country. To this partiality we are indebted for his translation of the poems of Lopez de la Vega; and a life of that copious poet, who has been styled the Shakspeare of Spain. This production is very creditable to the talents of Lord Holland, and displays an intimate acquaintance with Spanish literature.

As soon as his age permitted he took his seat in the House of Peers, and supported on every occasion the measures and principles of his distinguished uncle, the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox. From his entrance into political life he has uniformly advocated liberal policy.—Emancipation has ever commanded his warmest support; and, perhaps, next to the late Lord Donoughmore, he has been the most eloquent advocate of that measure. There are few public men whose life has been more consistent.

In the year 1797 his lordship

married the daughter of a wealthy West-India planter; in consequence of which her name (Vassal) was added to that of Holland, and used by the present peer. By this marriage his lordship has two sons and a daughter. Lady Holland had been previously the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, from whom she obtained a divorce.

Lord Holland's eloquence is of a very superior order. He speaks with vigour, fervour, and sincerity. His language, always elegant and correct, evinces highly-cultivated talents, and a mind stored with all the treasures of Greek and Roman literature. It must be confessed, however, that his manner is hesitating; to which a nervous irritation, under which he labours, greatly contributes. His logic, too, is not always accurate; and, though his facts are collected with great care, they are never well arranged. One of them seldom supports the other; and hence the effect of his speeches is scarcely ever commensurate with the care bestowed upon them.

Lord Holland's literary reputation mainly rests upon his translation of the Spanish poet; though he has superintended his uncle's History of the early Part of the Reign of James II.; a work which clearly proves that a great orator may make but a very indifferent author. The 'Holland banquets' are immortalized by Lord Byron; but certainly in terms by no means complimentary. When a nobleman, however, displays his taste for literature and the arts, by inviting once a week to his house* those who have done honour to both, satire

* Holland House stands on the summit of a gentle slope, at the western extremity of Kensington, and about two miles from Hyde Park Corner. It is the ancient mansion-house of the manor of Abbot's Kensington, and derives its name from Henry Rich, Earl of Holland. It was erected in 1607, by Sir Walter Cope, his father-in-law, is in excellent preservation, and affords a good specimen of the singular, but not unpicturesque, architecture of that period. It is in the form of a half H; and the material of which it is constructed is a deep red brick, to which time has given great richness of effect.

By his inauspicious marriage with the Countess Dowager of Warwick and Holland, Addison became possessed of this mansion in 1716, and it was here that this inimitable essayist and moralist expired. After the death of the young Earl of Warwick, in 1721, the estates devolved to the father of the present Lord Kensington, who was maternally descended from Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick. By him they were sold, about the year 1762, to the Right Honorable Henry Fox, who was subsequently created Lord Holland. Here were passed most of the early years of the great orator and statesman, Charles James Fox. The present owner, who is a man of talents and learning, is no unworthy successor of the former celebrated inhabitants of this dwelling.

might undoubtedly be directed to objects better deserving of ridicule.

In a modern work, this nobleman's personal appearance is thus accurately described.

'Lord Holland is the express image of John Bull himself, and could neither have been produced, nor could exist, out of England. Every thing about him is English. You would tell a secret to Liverpool with perfect confidence, and, touching your hat to Grey, as a highly respectable and respected personage, you would pass by on the other side; but, the moment that you see Lord Holland, a very strong disposition comes across you to walk up to him, and shake him by the hand with as much cordiality as you would a

twenty years' friend after a thirty years' absence. He is so perfectly plain, and even homely, though certainly without the least trace of vulgarity, in his dress, his person, and his manners—there sits such a demonstration of good feelings, good intentions, good heart, and good cheer, every where about him—and there are withal so many "wreathed smiles" about his mouth, and such a glee, and a desire to be happy and to make happy, in his eye, that, instead of meeting with him in the cold solemnity of the House of Lords, you would far rather that he and you should retire and crack a bottle and a joke together, after the business of the House were over.'

THE DESOLATION OF CHIOS, 1822.

A DEEP, a broken note of woe
Rose from the Archipelago!
The seaman, passing Chios by,
Stood out from shore; the wailful cry
That reached him on the waters blue
Was more than man could listen to.
And, when no more the death-cry came,
The rising smoke, the sun-dimmed flame,
The flashings of the scimitar,
Told Chios' slaughter from afar!
What demon swayed your cold debates,
Ye mighty Christian potentates,
That Greece, the land of light and song,
Should feel the Paynim scourge so long,—
That Greece, for all the lore she gave,
Should cry in vain, 'Save, Europe, save!'

'The apartments are in general capacious and well proportioned. The library, which was originally fitted up as a picture-gallery, is one hundred and five feet in length, and contains an extensive and valuable collection of books. In the gilt room, over the fire-place, are some emblematical figures, in the style of F. Cleyn, under whose superintendence the principal embellishments of the interior were executed. It also contains several busts, most of which are from the chisel of Nollekens. In the other apartments are many excellent portraits, and some fine pictures, among which are two admirable landscapes by Salvator Rosa.

'The grounds belonging to Holland House consist of about three hundred acres, of which between sixty and seventy are laid out as pleasure-gardens. In the latter is a rural seat, over which Lord Holland has inscribed the following lines, in compliment to his friend, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory:"—

"Here ROGERS sat—and here for ever dwell
With me those Pleasures which he sung so well."

'From the situation of the house, on the summit of a gentle eminence, which slopes down both in the back and front, it commands agreeable prospects over the surrounding country; and it stands at a sufficient distance from the high road to be entirely free from the two nuisances of dust and noise. In its groves the song of the nightingale is to be enjoyed in all its enchanting perfection during the summer nights.'—*Ladies' Pocket Magazine*, Sept. 1825.

How could you let the gasping child
Besmear with gore the mother wild?
How dared you let that wild one be
The sport of lust and cruelty—
Or Beauty, from Dishonour's bed,
Swell reeking piles of kindred dead—
While mingled in the corse-fed fires
The cindered bones of sons and sires?

But all is o'er!—the storm hath passed,
Nor oak nor osier 'scaped the blast—
Nor floweret of the loveliest dye;—
All—all—in one black ruin lie!
In one short day a people fall—
Their mansions form their funeral pall!
Their winding-sheets are sheets of flame—
Their epitaph, 'SHAME! EUROPE, SHAME!'—
Most desolate day! Oh, murdered race!
To Turk, to Holy League, disgrace!
Blush, Christian princes! Heartless men,
Who rule the councils, ne'er again
Look on the cross! You have its ban—
You crowned it with the Alcoran!

Dublin.

T.

BYRON.

REST on your thrones, you sceptered things!
Ye holy Brotherhood of Kings!
The light is faded now
That showed, beneath your tinsel dress,
The vanity—the littleness—
To which the *million* bow.

Go, league within your dark divan
Against the rights of free-born man,
Ye ministers of ill!
The tongue that would refute your words—
The heart that would oppose your swords—
That tongue is mute, that heart is still!

Weep, Greece, above the cold remains
Of him who strove to burst thy chains:
Thy noblest—bravest son!
Yes—he was of thy highest seed—
If loving thee in word, and deed,
And thought, could make him one.

'Tis not the land where first by chance
We breathe—some despot's heritage—
Of which we form a part;
But that for which our young souls burn,
To which our hopes, our wishes turn—
The country of the heart.

Mourn thou, too—mourn, sweet Liberty!
Never did bosom throb for thee
With such unaltered faith:
Thine was his blood, his pulse, his life,—
For thee he waged eternal strife,—
For thee—he died the death.

O'L.



LORD BYRON.

Drawn by G. H. Harrison — Engraved by J. Thomson

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